

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 128.—Vol. V.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

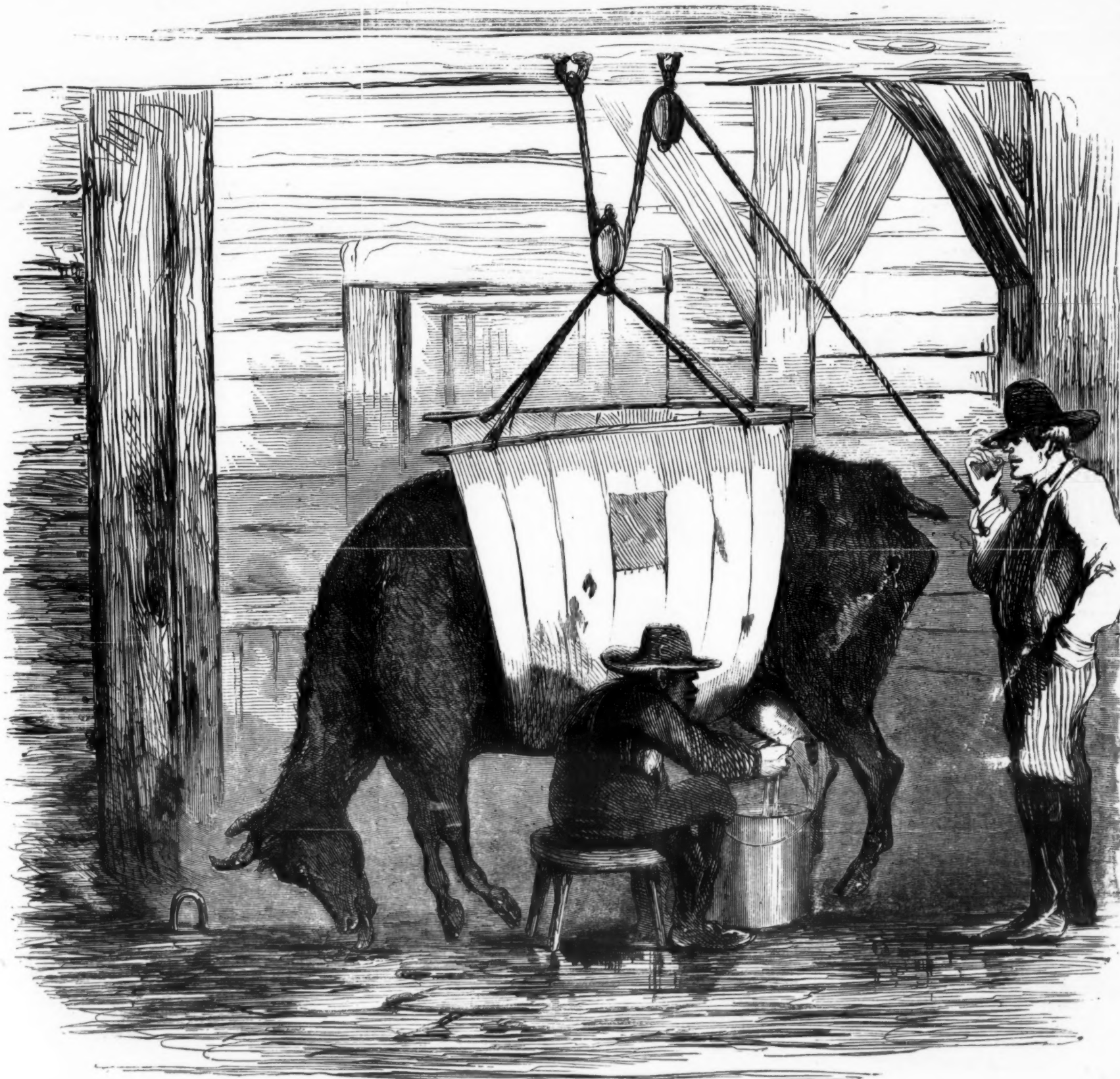
[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

OUR EXPOSURE OF THE MILK TRADE OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

From a hundred sources we are receiving, day by day, thanks for our public spirit and fearless exposure of a nefarious and revolting trade, and good wishes and prayers for the ultimate and speedy success of our undertaking.

We feel sincerely gratified and deeply grateful for the outside encouragement we receive; it will move us to new exertions, for we feel that we have obtained the ear of the public; that its sympathies and hopes are with us, and armed with this assurance we feel our power equal to the emergency. That our blows have been dealt strongly and truly we have ample evidence. Our exposure has not only broken up all the milk

routes we have published, but one whose name we were fortunately enabled to give, is selling off his swill milk cows. His stable is broken up, his swill trade gone, and mark the consequence—he has contracted with the country dairies for the milk he requires for his customers. Is not the good work begun? May we not hope for the future?



EXPOSURE OF THE MILK TRADE.—MILKING THE DYING COW. WHEN THE ANIMAL, FROM DISEASE AND ULCERATION, CAN NO LONGER STAND, MECHANICAL MEANS ARE USED TO SUPPORT IT WHILE UNDER MILKING, AND THE PROCESS IS CONTINUED UNTIL THE COW DIES. THE MILK IS USED WITH THE REST. SEE PAGE 1280.

The scene that ensued upon the foreman of the jury announcing a verdict of *not guilty* in Bernard's case was the most extraordinary that ever occurred in an English court of justice. The gallery was still filled with ladies, some of them of rank, who waved their handkerchiefs. First cheer upon cheer from the gallery, which was echoed from the body of the court; at last the cheering reached the crowd outside, who gave one long shout of triumph. The judges, finding it impossible to stop the acclamation, remained in place till it had somewhat subsided, when Dr. Bernard rose and thanked the jury. In our editorial column

we have made a few remarks on this most remarkable trial. It will be seen that Sir Fitzroy Kelly announced in the House of Commons that the Government had dropped all proceedings against Bernard.

European Chit-Chat.

Queen Victoria is said to be in an interesting situation. Comes, one of the Orsini conspirators, has been sent to Cayenne. A Swedish journal says: "Dr. Ruders, a celebrated physician, has set to music the palpitations and irregular beatings of the heart of a female, one of his patients. This disease, written in musical notes, with quavers and semiquavers, forms a sort of waltz." The final slab stone has just been placed upon the Duke of Wellington's crypt in St. Paul's Cathedral. General Todleben, the famous engineer, is now at Wiesbaden, his health quite restored. Empress Eugenie is again in a most natural condition.

FRANCE.

The sensation created by Bernard's acquittal was rapidly subsiding. It was reported that the *Constitutionnel* had been warned for its remarks upon that event, and the director of that paper had been dismissed with the usual indemnity of 50,000 francs for so sudden a removal. The *London Times*, however, the next day announced that upon promising more care for the future he had been restored, as he had erred through too much zeal, and not through any desire to embroil the two countries. There is something very ludicrous in this. Let us fancy Bennett being warned for an offensive article! The Imperial Return of Naval Affairs reports that next year France will possess one hundred and fifty iron paddle and screw steamers of war, independently of sailing ships fitted with the screw gun-boats, steam transports, and floating batteries. Another ship of the line had been added to the French fleet. The steam war fleet of France in 1859 is to number one hundred and fifty, viz., thirty-five line of battle ships, forty-five frigates, forty corvettes, and thirty small steamers. The Paris elections were to take place on the 25th of April, the day after the Europa sailed. The *Sicile* formally accuses *L'Univers* of endeavoring to foment bad feelings between England and France, and asks how the honor of France can be affected by the verdict of twelve Englishmen. The *Moniteur* denies that France is increasing her naval armaments.

INDIA.

News from Calcutta to 22d March had been received. From Lucknow the dates are 22d March. On the 20th Brigadier Campbell's division had returned to that city from the pursuit of the enemy, who had scattered in every direction. On the 21st, Mobries, the stronghold of Nena Sahib, had been stormed, but that arch villain had managed to escape. A reward of 50,000 rupees had been offered for his head. A secret retreat of some of the rebels had been discovered in Lucknow, and they had been captured or killed. Among the latter the late Prime Minister, who was one of the chief instigators of the revolt. Peace prevailed in Oude, and many of the inhabitants were returning in consequence of the Governor-General's proclamation. Sir Hope Grant had dispersed a body of the insurgents at Karah, taking twelve of their guns. Jung Bahadur was about proceeding to Allahabad. The sentence of the King of Delhi had not yet been made public. The heat of the weather was increasing daily.

CHINA.

Hong Kong dates are to the 15th March. Canton was quite tranquil. An Imperial edict had been received on the 6th March, in which Yeh's conduct had been condemned, himself degraded, and a successor appointed who was commanded to settle all disputes with the foreigners. Lord Elgin and his colleagues had left for the North.

HAVANA.

Our advices are to the 30th April. Mr. Otway, British minister to Mexico, arrived on the 27th, and after a long interview with General Concha proceeded next day to Vera Cruz. Consul Blythe pronounces the recent seizure of the American schooner *Cortez* by the British gun-boat as a daring perversion of the right of search.

That left-handed slave trade in Coolies continues, two vessels having landed 727 Coolies, having lost 260 by death during the voyage. A report has been published by that friend of the niggers, the English Government, by which it appears that since 1855 to 1st May, 1858, there had been 21,596 Coolies landed, and 3,799 died on the passage. It also appears that 1,885 Yucatan Indians have been sold in Cuba publicly as slaves since 1st January, 1853. These belong to the tribes now massacring all the whites in Yucatan. We may take this opportunity of mentioning that Mr. Abraham Morrell, who was our Consul in Yucatan some years ago, made a special examination of this most interesting region, and came upon ruins of gigantic proportions, so completely overgrown by the underwood and forest as to be almost part of the architecture. There is no question but that some thousands of years ago Cuba was joined to Central America. Freighters were improved. Yellow fever had appeared amongst the shipping.

MEXICO.

The Tennessee has brought advices from Mexico city, April 19, and Vera Cruz, 22d. President Zuloaga still remained at the head of the Government, but was in a most embarrassed position, owing chiefly to the want of funds. No straightened in Zuloaga in his finances that it is contemplated to offer to sell some territory to the United States. Juarez was in Vera Cruz, but was in a still more precarious state than his rival. With respect to the sale of the northern territory to the United States, it should be remembered that at present it is not in Zuloaga's possession. Garza holds Tamalipas, with the exception of Tampico, which he is besieging. Nuevo Leon, Coahuila and Chihuahua are under the authority of Vidaurri, who proposes to erect out of them the Republic of Sierra Madre; while Sonora, also, by the recent overthrow of Gandara, has been lost, for the present, at least, to the Zuloaga administration. Zuloaga may be willing to sell them running, but after buying them we should have them to catch.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the Europa we have news from the Old World to the 24th April. The news is interesting and important. We condense the principal points. Things are more tranquil in France. In Sardinia the Conspiracy Bill introduced by Count Cavour was warmly debated in the Chamber, the Minister declaring that he made it a cabinet question, and that France, Imperial France, was the only ally Sardinia could implicitly rely upon. The debates had not closed when the steamer left.

An attempt had been made in Madrid to assassinate Count Verdugo, who, although much wounded, may yet recover. The assassin drove a poniard into the General's side and then fled, he was pursued by the spectators and captured. The motive is not divulged.

The Russian Government has thrown four additional ports in the Black Sea open to foreign commerce.

There had been a fearful fire in Christians, Norway, which had destroyed nearly two thirds of the town. The Bank, Exchange, and the principal public buildings were all a mass of ruins.

Queen Christina, mother of Queen Isabella of Spain, has resolved to spend the rest of her life in Rome.

The Government of Louis Napoleon is evidently losing some of its prestige. Among the last signs is the fact of the Sultan enquiring the Pacha for giving a French company the right of making a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, which he thereby revokes.

It is reported that difficulties had occurred between Persia and England. A stringent law upon the press had been passed in Greece.

Dr. Livingston had left Sierra Leone for the Cape.

LATEST BY THE VANDERBILT.

By the Vanderbilt we have advices to the 25th of April. The news was very unimportant. The elections in Paris had resulted in two Government candidates and one Opposition. Renee had been finally dismissed from his position of Director of the *Constitutionnel* for his article against England. The naval works at Cherbourg were to be discontinued, and there would be no rendezvous of the French fleets in the Channel, to avoid giving offence to England. It seems to be quite certain that Queen Victoria will pay a visit to Louis Napoleon this summer in Paris, on her return from Berlin. The India bill was being discussed in the House of Commons. The Sardinian Chamber had adopted the principle of the Conspiracy bill. Austria and France were gradually becoming more estranged.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

A Young Hero.

A new Thermopylae has been reared in the East, where Mr. Horace Ross, of Rossie Castle, Perthshire, scarcely twenty years old, who was studying languages at Agra, actually disputed the passage of the Jumna with 3,000 Rajpoots. Hiding himself in the jungle on the river side with a native friend, he observed a large body of the mutineers preparing to cross. Being an unerring shot, he levelled his rifle at the entrance of the ford. No sooner did the first Rajpoot put his foot upon the edge of the stream than he fell dead; another followed, and instantly dropped—a third and a fourth—till a superstitious panic seized them, and they resolved to ford lower down.

A Chinese Fourth of July.

Our Fourth of July is imitated by the Celestials on the 14th of February, which is the commencement of their year. The correspondent of the *London Times* says that the day after this great festival the streets of Canton and Hong Kong were filled with myriads of exploded cracker carcasses. In Hong Kong grave men as well as boys might be seen hanging strings of these noisy things from their balconies, and perpetually renewing them as they exploded. We are happy to say that in one feature we do not resemble the Celestial cracker firing, for we read that the sing-song women, in their rich, hand-some dresses, were screaming their shrill songs, and twanging their two-stringed lutes on every verandah in the Chinese quarter, while the lords of creation, assembled at a round table, were cramming the day-long feast. The women—lured singing women, of not doubtful reputation—in the intervals of their music, take their seats at the table opposite the men. They do not eat, but their business being to promote the conviviality of the feast, they challenge the men to the samshu cup, and drink with them. It is astonishing to see what a quantity of diluted samshu these painted and brocaded celestials can drink without any apparent effect. Ever and anon one of the company retires to a couch and takes an opium pipe, and then returns and recommences his meal.

Slang.

A clergyman in England has been lecturing his young friends upon the enormity of slang. He uses so many Americanisms that we quote part of it. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own hook. If he sees anything good, he calls it a stunner. If he is asked to pay for a treat, he calls it standing Sam. If he meets a disagreeable person, he calls him an ugly

customer; an eccentric man is a rummy old cove; a sensible man is up to snuff; one not very brilliant is a flat, a cake, or a spoon. An incredible assertion is all gammon; paying is stamping up; if he is short of money, he is hard up; if fatigued, used up; money is called tin, the ready, and the vino. He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or with-draws, but he "bolts"—he "dopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes tracks"—he "cuts his stick"—or what is the same thing, he "cuts his lacky!" The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." When a man speaks, he "spouts"—when he holds his peace, he "shuts up"—when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." He calls his hands "paws," his legs "pins." To be perplexed, is to be "flummoxed"—to be disappointed, is to be "dished"—to be cheated, is to be "sold"—to be cheated clearly, is to be "done brown." Whatsoever is fine, is "nobby"—whatsoever is shabby, is "seedy"—whatsoever is pleasant, is "jolly." He says "Blessed if he does this," "blowed if he does that," "hanged if he does the other thing; or he exclaims "My eye!" "My stars!" For a clergyman he certainly knows more than most of his cloth. His name, by the by, is the Rev. A. Murrell, of Carlisle, England.

Tit for Tat.

That self-opinionated Journal, called the *London Times*, has considerable thunder every day about France. The last bolt of Jupiter Tonans was reminding Louis Napoleon of the acquittal of Cantillon, when tried in Paris for his attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington.

Dinner to Pellissier.

That aristocratic institution, the United Service Club, of London, has given a grand banquet to the stormer of the Malakoff. The Duke of Cambridge, who presided, gave the health of the French Marshal, who, in his reply, said, "that his presence in England would recall the glorious alliance of the two countries, and his greatest desire was to be considered the representative of a loyal, firm and dignified policy. His firm belief was that the basis of a complete and lasting alliance was that the honor of one country should never be sacrificed to the pride of the other. He came among them with an open and friendly hand, full of respect for their institutions and their Queen, and it was with all a soldier's sincerity and heartiness that he had joined in the toast to the health of that beloved and honored lady. He concluded with the fervent prayer that the prosperity of England and the alliance of the two countries might endure for ever." His reception was enthusiastic.

Intemperate Temperance Men.

A curious proof that virtue is not always found in water-drinkers, despite the proverb of truth being in a well, is afforded by a recent display of violent proceedings in London. It appears that Dr. Epps, a well-known temperance lecturer, had been slandering our great temperance man, Mr. Gough, by averring that the latter was in the habit of using narcotics, and even that deadly abomination—spirituous liquor! Whereupon Gough applied to Lord Campbell for criminal information against him, but the old Scotchman refused to grant one, saying that it was not a case for that court to interfere in. Possibly he thought accusing a man of taking a little Scotch whiskey was not libellous.

More British Filibustering.

At a banquet given by the citizens of Manchester to Sir James Brooke, the successful William Walker, of Borneo, that famous filibuster called upon the Government to assume the sovereignty he had obtained over the north-west coast of that fine island, which he said was the Cuba of that archipelago. The *London Times* having warmly espoused his view of the case, it will no doubt be done. Sir James Brooke stated that in view of the opening of the Chinese trade his importance could not be overrated.

The Atlantic Telegraph.

This noble work was going on bravely, and the experiments with the new paying-out machinery were giving great satisfaction. It had not, however, been decided when the ship would commence to put the cable down, although, we believe, it had been determined to commence midway—the Niagara proceeding towards Ireland with her half, and the Agamemnon coming to America with hers. It is a pity New York is not the terminus on our side the water, merely for the sake of the glorious reception the British vessel would have!

Russell on India.

W. H. Russell, the famed *Times* Crimean correspondent, gives rather a dismal account of India. How graphic is his description of its surface: "The whole surface of Bengal is like nothing so much as a vast brick-field. There are bricks in heaps, in mounds, in piles, in blocks, all drying in the sun; there is the hard bare earth one vast brick itself. Water or mould a piece of it, and it becomes a brick in a few hours. And the people naked and baked too—it seems as if not much were required to change them to their original element. The men square-shouldered, flat and thin chested, hollow-thighed, big-kneed, large footed, lank bearded, are wading about in the tanks, or making bricks, or carrying small loads, or engaged in some very obscure agricultural operation, or doing nothing with equal indifference. They have no clothing but a small piece of cotton cloth, frequently very dirty, wrapped round their hips, and the end brought between their legs."

D'Issacell, the Scapgoat.

It is somewhat a singular fact, that if we are to believe the *London Court Journal*, Louis Napoleon had made the present Chancellor of the Exchequer his victim before he immolated Lord Palmerston on the altar of friendship. Indeed, the present Emperor of the French may be called the Moloch of British ministers. The *Court Journal* says: "It is a fact that Mr. D'Issacell, when only a young man of twenty-two years of age, involved himself for the present Emperor of the French to such a degree that it became necessary for one or the other to leave England, and that Mr. D'Issacell, with some designs upon a constituency, consented for the sake of his friend to forego his cherished projects. He went abroad, first to Rome and then to Palestine, and to this enforced exile we owe 'Tancred.' As Pythias D'Issacell is five years older than Damon Napoleon, the latter was only seventeen years old at the time. As a burnt child dreads the fire, and as they say a Jew is never swindled twice, it is not likely that Louis will catch D'Issacell tripping again."

Art Intelligence.

Charles Kean has revived "King Lear" with his usual scenic success. It has met with immense applause from the many as well as the approval of the critical few, who pronounce it "at once original, suggestive and vitally pleasing." Even the thunder and lightning come in for a full share of praise. Kean, as Lear, was unusually impassioned, and gave his elaborate portrait of the old dotting father a freshness quite wonderful. Miss Kate Terry, as the Cordelia, also made her mark as a charming actress. At the Olympic, Mr. Oxenford produced quite an original farce, newly translated from the French, called "A Double Victory." Its Parisian name is *A la Campagne*. It is rather a wonder we have not had it produced here, as we understand there is a Club here who between them can translate a French play. At the Marylebone Institute, a Mrs. Emilia Holcroft has been acting a comedietta, assisted by a party of amateurs. Mr. Dolman has recited at Myddleton Hall the whole of the tragedy of "Macbeth" entirely from memory. This is certainly a prodigious feat. His soiree was fully attended. At Her Majesty's Theatre, Mlle. Piccolomini appeared as Norma in "Don Pasquale," in which her archness has full scope. In such parts she is equally at home as an actress and a singer. Signor Rossi assumed Lablache's famous role, and was deservedly applauded. Signor Bellet sang *Come è gentile* with much taste and expression. Belletti, who was here with Jenny Lind, was the Malatuta of the night. Mlle. Tiffens increases in popularity with critics and audience. On May 4th she was to make her appearance in "Il Trovatore," assisted by Mlle. Albin, Giuglini, &c. "Louisa Miller" was in rehearsal for Mlle. Piccolomini. In the ballet, Mlle. Pochini and Orsini had made a great sensation. It is strange how soon a pretty leg walks into the human heart, especially to the sound of music.

Mr. Wyld has opened his seventh annual series of subscription concerts, called the New Philharmonics. The first part was entirely from Beethoven. Charles Dickens commenced on the 29th of April to read, at St. Martin's Hall, his "Cricket on the Hearth," the next Thursday "The Chimes," and the following week the "Christmas Carol." Admission, five shillings, two shillings and sixpence, and one shilling. It is for his own benefit.

The Covent Garden Opera opens on the 15th of May, with the "Huguenots," Gris and Mario maintaining their old parts—strange enough. Herr Formes is announced for Marcel. Mr. Costa is conductor.

FRANCE.

Napoleon's Exile.

M. Gautier de Rougemont, with his family, has sailed from Southampton for St. Helena to take charge of Longwood, which has been placed under the surveillance of the French nation by the British Government. It is the intention of the present Government of France to erect a grand monument on the spot where Napoleon was first interred, and to thoroughly repair the house in which he resided—that is, we presume, if his dynasty occupy the Tuilleries long enough.

A Relic of Rachel.

The happy family of the Felices doesn't seem to be remarkable for sentiment, otherwise they never would have allowed the guitar which Eliza Felix played on while Rachel sang to be ticked at the sale, and sold for five shillings. Yet such was the fact.

Madame Rumor.

There is a whisper in certain saloons that Count de Morny and Walewski are both interested in urging a rupture with England, and that Persigny's dismissal from London was in consequence of a letter he wrote Louis Napoleon urging upon him the necessity of counteracting the intrigues of these two functionaries. Some have not hesitated to attribute to Russian gold the behavior of De Morny. This is not improbable, as his foil is gain.

ITALY.

If we are to credit Cardinal Wiseman, the life of a Pope is not the pleasantest in the world. He says in his recent volume: "Early hours, a frugal table, a solitary life, monotony of pursuits, unrelieved by any court festivities or public recreation, such is the life of a Pope. He celebrates mass early every morning, and again assists at the second celebration. He recites the Breviary, like the poorest curate, listens to sermons, not merely formal ones, but real, honest preachings, strong and bold, by a Capuchin friar during Advent and Lent."

BELOIUM.

King Leopold has not that horror of lotteries which our worthy Mayo^r Termon has, for we read that he bought some time ago five lottery tickets, and has drawn with one of them the great prize of 1,000,000 florins, or nearly \$100,000. He gave the greater part of the money to his daughter the Archduchess. Byron was right when he said "Virtue was a thing of latitude and longitude."

RUSSIA.

A Monarch's Amusement.

Almost the only recreation the Emperor of Russia at the present moment allows himself in the midst of his overwhelming press of business is bear hunting. These hunting parties generally take place in the company of a select few, and, contrary to the method formerly practised, when the hunter shielded himself behind a net against the attacks of the wounded and infuriated bear, the Emperor hunts off-hand without any preliminary precautions. When the sportsmen come on the track of the bear and his place of retreat has been found out, the Emperor is informed of it, and he often takes a day's sport in the forest in the midst of the most bitter cold. The Emperor wears on these occasions the "Panach," or Cossack fur cap, high boots, and the "Poloukafan" (half cap), the German "Waffenrock," or English Albert's coat) and has his gun loaded by Cossacks. He is a remarkably good shot and his prey seldom escapes him. The hunting of the bear, as pursued by Alexander II., is not without danger, for if the animal is only partially wounded, fatal accidents have often been known to occur.

CHINA.

A private letter, dated Canton, Feb. 28, says: "In catching Yeh we have not caught a Tartar; he is of pure Chinese blood and rose to his high position by great mental capacity. He first attracted the notice of the Emperor by a historical book he wrote, and since that period his rise has been rapid. He took the highest Chinese degree when twenty-nine years old, and may now be called the second wrangler in the empire. He is very simple and regular in his tastes and habits; highly courteous and polite in his manners; does not drink as a general rule; never smokes opium; never appears to evince the slightest concern about his fate; is a Buddhist; prays regularly twice a day with his head eastward; sleeps a good deal; smokes a great deal; talks little; appears much esteemed by his attendants and the higher class of Chinese; of course he is as obstinate as a pig and hates us cordially. His food is chiefly rice, ducks, pork, salted eggs, and some other Chinese delicacies—of course he won't eat beef. His drink is chiefly hot weak tea. He never tasted cold water in his life, and swears a drink of it would kill him. I have twice had long chats with him, through the interpreter, of course, and am much pleased at the chance of studying Chinese eccentricities."

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Fashions.

It is now certain that basques will be adopted this season by many of the leaders of fashion. Dresses of various styles have been prepared within the last few days for our fashionables; one a dress of gray figured silk, trimmed with three flounces, finished at the edge simply with a hem. The corsage is high, and has a basque trimmed with a pinked roche. The sleeves are of the pagoda form, and the under-sleeves, composed of puffings of white muslin, are trimmed with Mechlin lace.

Another dress of green and pink chine silk, intended for dinner costume, is made with two skirts. The under-skirt is open, and the two sides are re-joined by bows of ribbon without ends. With the exception of these bows of ribbon, there is no trimming of any kind on either of the skirts.

We mention an elegant costume worn by a lady at a wedding. The dress was composed of lilac-colored velvet, and was made with two skirts and a basque. There was no trimming on the dress; the bonnet of white tulle, trimmed with lilac and white feathers. Quillings of blonde and a velvet plait formed the under-trimmings, and the strings were composed of two rows of very wide blonde. A mantel of Alençon lace was thrown lightly over the shoulders.

We observe another dress of violet moiré antique; the skirt trimmed with two deep flounces, each edged with a bouillon of violet-color tulle, within which is passed a white satin ribbon. The corsage high, and the waist rather long.

Several of the new Parisian bonnets are trimmed with a fanchon, or half handkerchief of black lace. The two lower ends of the fanchon are rather elongated, and are tied under the chin, above narrow strings of ribbon. On bonnets of tulle or silk this ornament is extremely pretty. It is also employed as a trimming for bonnets of French clip. At the Chapel of the Tuilleries the Empress Eugenie wore, a few days ago, a pink bonnet, over which was a fanchon of white blonde.

Love in the Kitchen.

Considerable excitement has been caused in the family of a wealthy farmer, in consequence of the oldest son evincing a strong penchant for a newly-imported Irish girl, who was in their employ. As soon as the mother became cognizant of the fact she discharged the girl, hoping thus to check the ardor of the fond youth. He was not, however, to be so easily diverted from his purpose, and in company with his affianced, took the cars at Riverdale depot for Albany. A clergyman chancing to be in the same car, the happy pair were united in the bonds of matrimony ere they reached Schodack. But the bride was not satisfied, it appears, for on arriving at Albany she wished the ceremony to be repeated, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, of which she is a member. In the evening of the same day the twice married couple returned to the residence of the husband's mother, where the wife was duly installed mistress of the mansion where a short time previous she had been employed as a servant, and whence she was driven because of her "high aspirations."

Queen Elizabeth's Vanity.

In her own court, even Queen Elizabeth was not satisfied to preside. She could as ill endure a competitor in celebrity of charms as in power. She arrogated to herself all the incense around her; and in point of adulation, she was like the daughter of the horse-leech, whose cry was "Give! give!" Her insatiable vanity would have been ludicrous, if it had not produced such atrocious consequences. This was the predominant weakness of her character, which neutralized her talents, and was a strong penchant for a newly-imported madness and a vice. This precipitated the fate of her rival, Mary Queen of Scots. This elevated the profligate Leicester to the pinnacle of favor and kept him there, sullied as he was by every baseness and every crime; this hurried Essex to the block, banished Southampton, and sent Raleigh and Elizabeth Throckmorton to the Tower. Did one of her attendants, more beautiful than the rest, attract the notice or homage of the gay cavaliers around her—was an attachment whispered, a marriage projected—it was enough to throw the whole court into consternation. "Her Majesty, the Queen, was in a passion;" and then, Heaven help the offenders! It was the spirit of Harry the Eighth let loose again.

Serenading Your Grandmother.

In the following notice, we think the gentleman loses sight of the possibility that the lady's indifference might account for her dulness of perception: "Mr. J. P. wishes to inform Miss S. D. that the flowers were for her—not for her aunt, as she would have understood if she had read them carefully." This calls forth another amusing mistake. We remember a party of young men in our college days, who spent some hour or two, on a cool October night, in serenading under the windows where several pretty girls roomed, and the next day they had the inexpressible satisfaction of learning that on that particular night "the girls" were all out, and there was no one whose rest was disturbed except the good old grandmother! We do not exactly remember whether we were in that company of serenaders, but we do recollect thinking that a great deal of warbling had been wasted on a very old bird.

Caution to Ladies.

A young Parisian gentleman travelling to Washington chanced to be seated in the cars near two very lovely young ladies, who, in company with their mamma, were also pursuing their way to Washington. The elder ladies were soon lost to everything but their own interesting conversation.

The young ladies, who were seated opposite the gentleman, commenced chatting in so sprightly a manner, that Monsieur, thinking that he might be very agreeably entertained, concluded to denote his fair companions into the belief that he did not understand English. Whereupon he put on an abstracted air, and when the conductor came round to demand the tickets appeared to be so absorbed with his own reflections that it was not until he had been several times spoken to that he noticed the conductor, whom he then addressed in French, and inquired what he wanted. The conductor explained by signs, the ticket was changed, and the young man returned to his reverie. Feeling confident that their male companion was unable to understand what they said, the young ladies resumed their conversation with increased vivacity.

"This young man is very handsome," said one.
"Hush, Kate," said the other, with a sort of fright.
"Why, he doesn't know a word of English; we can talk freely."
"Kate, if your mother should hear you?"
"She is busy with her talk; besides, I am free to exercise my opinions, and I say that this young man has beautiful eyes."
"They have no expression."
"You do not know. I am sure he has much spirit, and it is a pity he does not speak English; he would chat with us."
"Would you marry a Frenchman?"

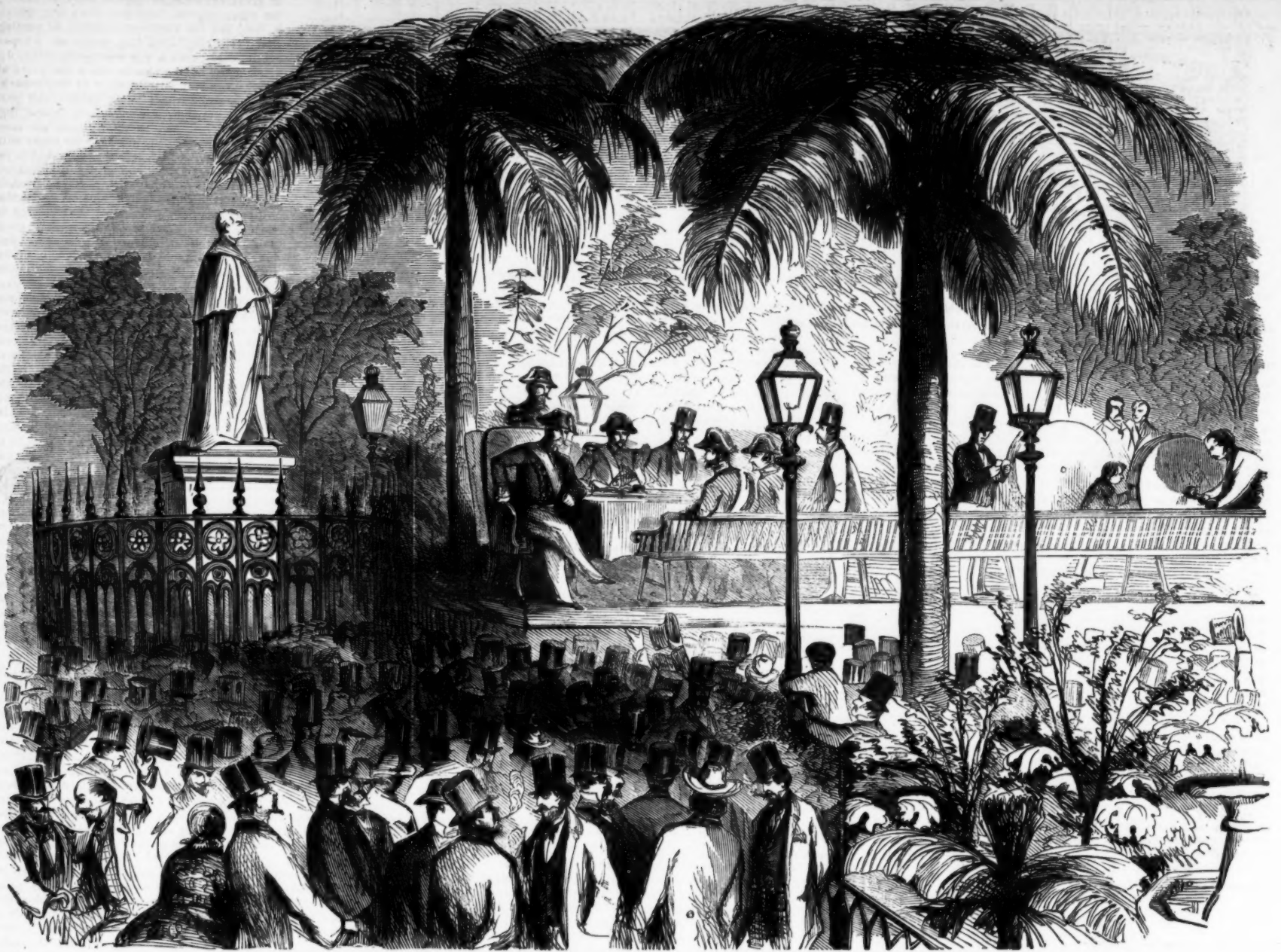
"Why not; if he looks like this one and was spirited, well born and amiable. But I can hardly keep from laughing. See, he doesn't mistrust what we are saying."

At a new station, the conductor came again for the tickets. Our young man, with extra elaboration and in excellent English, said:
"Ah, you want my ticket. Very well; let me see—I believe it is in my porte-manteau. Oh, yes, here it is."

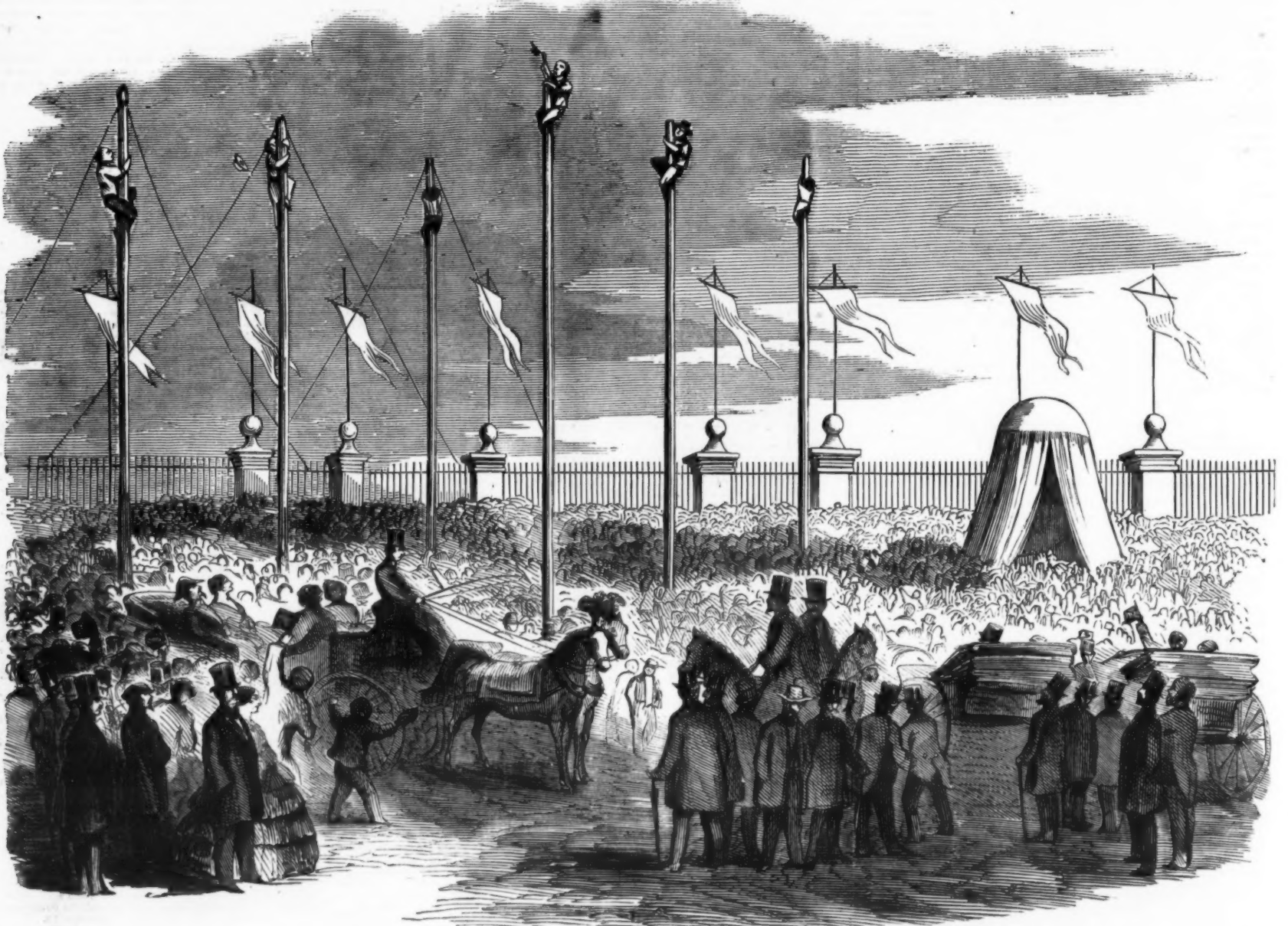
The effect of the *comédie* was startling. Kate nearly fainted, but soon recovered under the polite apologies of the young Frenchman. They were pleased with each other, and in a few weeks, Kate ratified her good opinion of the young man and her willingness to marry a Frenchman.

A Hint for Mamma.

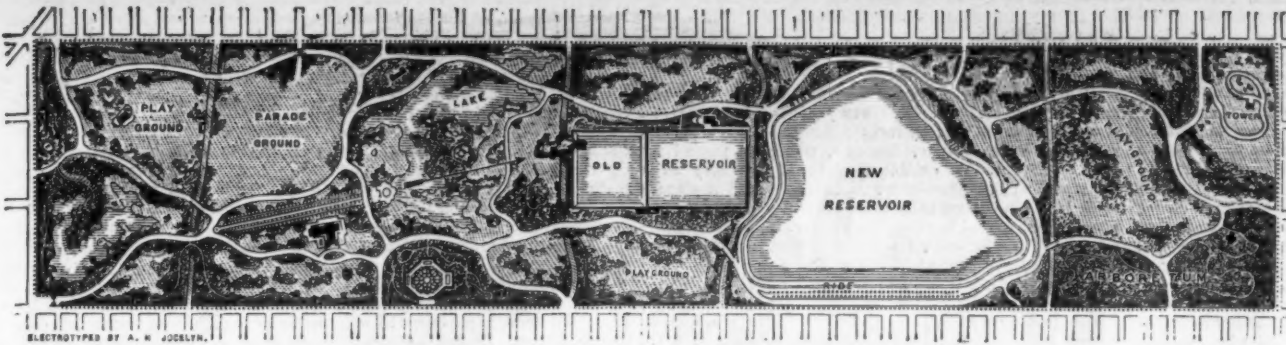
Bad temper in children is often the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization. It frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs directing more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling and eager purposes is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a more passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkeness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes. But it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, all sources of annoyances. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the sphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart's blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness, the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excruciation, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill-temper."



ROYAL FESTIVAL IN HAVANA, IN HONOR OF THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF SPAIN. DRAWING A LOTTERY FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES, IN PRESENCE OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.



ROYAL FESTIVAL IN HAVANA, IN HONOR OF THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF SPAIN. CLIMBING POLES FOR PRIZES OF MONEY.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



PRIZE PLAN FOR THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK. DESIGNED BY MESSRS. OLNSTEAD AND VAUX.

ROYAL FESTIVAL AT HAVANA,

In Honor of the Birth of the Prince of Asturias, the Heir to the Throne of Spain.

THE birth of a son to the Queen of Spain has given an occasion to the reigning powers of Havana and its loyal inhabitants to display in a very marked manner their sentiments of love and fealty to the crown of Spain. The occasion was signalized, commencing on the 4th of April, by a series of splendid and varied fêtes, in which all classes of the inhabitants partook. Every avenue was crowded with the nobility, the fashion, the beauty, the military and the civic authorities, and the holiday-seeking people of the beautiful city. The whole population for miles around flocked to the great centre of attraction and helped to swell the festivity, and added to the interest and the excitement of the scene. Our special correspondent has furnished us with graphic pen and pencil sketches of all that transpired during this truly royal festival, which we shall transfer to our pages as rapidly as possible. The views which we present this week are purely characteristic of the impulsive Spanish people.

Our correspondent says: "At five o'clock a grand lottery was drawn in the Plaza de Armas, before his Excellency the Marquis de la Habana, the Most Excellent and Right Reverend Bishop, and several other distinguished personages. The tickets of this lottery had previously been bestowed upon poor widows and orphans. Nearly twenty thousand dollars was thus generously given away, and many a sorrowing heart thus relieved of its present cares."

"On the second day of the royal feasts the Cucuñas (pole climbing) took place in the Campo Militar, under the immediate patronage of the Most Excellent the Ayuntamiento (city corporation). There were prizes offered from five onyas (\$85) down to one onya (\$17). The poles were climbed by the assistance of two pieces of rope placed successively one above the other, each having a noose at the end, into which the climber placed one of his feet, thus rendering his task comparatively easy. Our artist's sketch was taken at the moment of the entrance of the Captain-General in his carriage. His Excellency was received with every token of respect, ladies even descending from their carriages to offer their obeisance."

THE CENTRAL PARK.

It is only travellers who know how terribly New York is deficient in pleasure grounds, but we trust this want will soon be nobly supplied. In our present issue we publish a map of the plan which gained the two thousand dollars premium. It is the joint work of Mr. Olmstead and Mr. Vaux, both well known in our city; the former being the author of that pleasant book called "Walks and Talks in England," and the latter an architect of considerable ability and promise. A reference to the plan will show that it will not only be a great ornament to our city, but at the same time most useful to those important classes, our youth, and our gallant soldiery. There are playgrounds for the one and parade-grounds for the other, while the reservoirs and lake will give agreeable coolness and moisture to the atmosphere. It stretches across the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues, and extends from Fifty-ninth to One Hundred and Fifth street, and in a few years will earn its name by being the centre of one of the greatest cities in the world.

It will also have the advantage of affording a variety of scenery, on a small scale certainly, but still enough to present a charming *multum in parvo*. The lower lake will be a benefit in the double aspect of keeping the park dry, and giving a picturesque appearance to it, since every landscape is improved by water. It is proposed in the play-ground to erect two buildings, one for the spectators and the other for the players. To the east of the promenade there will be a half mile stretch of lawn and forest, reaching from Fifty-ninth to Seventy-second street, which may be considered as the pleasantest part; and here it is proposed to erect a music hall and a conservatory. We trust the parties charged with the accomplishing of this great national work will lose no time in its completion.

THE DEAD LADY'S RING.

(Commenced in No. 126, which can be had from all News-Agents.)

PART II.—EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

CHAPTER I.—THE COURT PHYSICIAN AND HIS WIFE.

THOSE of our mothers and grandmothers who visited Paris at the close of the great war will remember the name, and some, perhaps, will have suffered under the prescriptions of Dr. Longjumeau. Did an English consumptive patient on her way to the South find herself detained at her hotel, in the Rue de Rivoli or the Faubourg St. Honoré, by an access of her complaint, so surely did the landlord, hat in hand, recommend the immediate summoning of the great Dr. Longjumeau. Or, did a British miladi, a little jaded, may be, with dancing in honor of restored royalty till the small hours, complain of her nerves and suffer from the *mal du pays*—in other words, from the insular "spleen"—to a certainty a scented billet, with the address, "Monsieur le Docteur Longjumeau," was forthwith despatched to 41e Rue Bonaparte, where the doctor resided. His very name was supposed to have produced great results in certain cases, as there are mysterious names which, in the mouths of nurses, are found of great effect in quieting the outbursts of unruly children. He was *par excellence*, the lady's physician of the day; the favorite, successively, of Josephine and Marie Louise. He was decorated, it was said, with more orders than any other private individual in Europe, and was the depositary of as many secrets as, if revealed, would have set one half of the male population of Paris fighting with the other half. But the doctor bore his honors and the secrets confided to him with equal propriety. The former he locked up in a strong box, from which he never drew them even to appear at court on a gala day, the latter he lodged in his own bosom; and of neither of these receptacles could it be said that any one had ever obtained the key. He was a tall, stately man of about five and forty, with hair, prematurely gray, parted in the middle and brushed sharply back over his ears, so as to reveal to its full extent the ample forehead, and heightening, if possible, by the contrast of colors, the expression of his keen, black, restless eyes. His manner with his patients was singularly cold, and his questions, like his replies, short, sharp and decisive. He would descend from his carriage and mount to the

sufferer's bedside, listen with a somewhat jaded air to the details of his symptoms, put a few queries, always pertinent, sum up his opinion in a few short, judiciously-chosen sentences, write his prescription, pocket his fee, and depart like an apparition. Every doctor of eminence has his peculiar style and trick of stage-play, grave or gay, curt or affable. That of Dr. Longjumeau, on which he had remarkably thriven, may be described as one of *mystery*. He seemed to know a great deal more of your complaint than he chose to tell you, so that every word which did drop from his lips on the subject was cherished as a jewel. Few, indeed, of those who had only seen the doctor in his official capacity could have imagined that in his own home he was one of the liveliest of men, or that his supper-parties in the Rue Bonaparte were among the merriest, the most intellectual, the wickedest gatherings of the Restoration. He threw aside his gravity at the close of the day as harlequin throws aside his wand when the curtain is down and the good fairies are putting on their bonnets; as Othello emerges from the side door at the conclusion of the performance whiter than most men, and, perhaps, not so jealous as he should be of his wife. Men of letters and artists, generals in the army, bankers—and, it is to be feared, sometimes danseuses and vaudevillistes and other shameful persons—met together at these weekly parties, of which the host himself was always the life and soul. Poets of eminence took delight in composing extemporaneous songs for these meetings, which became celebrated, and at which Louis XVIII., it is said, once assisted *incog*. The doctor himself was no mean poet, and altogether a man of remarkable information, especially in recondite branches of learning. He possessed the rare art of setting every one at his ease—could lead the conversation without engrossing it—raise up a storm of mirth, and yet ride upon the storm, so that it never degenerated into vulgar buffoonery—came in at the right place with the happy *bon mot* or the just sufficiently immoral anecdote; in short, he was considered by his friends as an excellent fellow, and one, too, who—out of his profession—had not a spice of humbug in his composition.

It was not but what certain reports, which could scarcely be supposed to proceed from a friendly source, were in circulation respecting the doctor's origin and antecedents. It is said that a mystery hung over his early career, and that it might be as well for him if this mystery was never fathomed. At the beginning of the century—just fifteen years before—he had landed at Havre, poor, almost penniless, from an American packet. Thence he had directed his march upon Paris, dropping on the great city, as the expression runs, "from the clouds"—though some of his rivals would doubtless have preferred assigning to him a point of departure in a direction opposite to that of the clouds in question. At this period he was so entirely destitute as to be obliged to part with a few trinkets which he had brought with him from the New World, and which formed the last barrier between himself and starvation. Bignon, the great *agent de change*, but who at that time defrauded the public in a very small and surreptitious way, in fact, in a jeweller's shop in the Quartier Latin, remembered the fact of the sale perfectly, and could confirm it on oath, supposing that his oath were considered by any one as confirmation. The circumstance had been impressed upon his mind by an incident of a peculiar nature. The doctor, after receiving five hundred francs for the contents of his little jewel box, had left the shop, apparently well satisfied, but had returned next day in a state

of great agitation to inquire whether, among the other objects, there was not a ring, which he had not the slightest intention of parting with. The ring being duly produced—a topaz set in gold, with a lion and various other devices engraved upon it—he asked the price at which he might be permitted to buy it back, and a hundred francs being named—this part of the deposition proceeded from honest Bignon's clerk—he had cheerfully paid the sum, and drawing the ring on his little finger with an air of great relief, left the shop, not to return. There was not, indeed, the slightest occasion for his returning, for shortly afterwards fortune had smiled upon him in an extraordinary manner. The story was related in various ways: some said that a certain great duchess, in the confidence of Josephine, had taken a remarkable fancy to the young adventurer; others that he was the illegitimate brother of the Emperor, and was protected

by a powerful, though unseen, influence; others, again, that he was in possession of a tremendous state secret, which might topple down thrones and principalities, and which he continued to draw upon and to renew at pleasure, like a bill which its acceptors could never allow to be presented. What was certain was that he had risen very suddenly from the condition of dancing attendance at the hospitals, and waiting for the scraps of practice which fell from the rich doctors' dissecting tables, to a practice, lucrative and highly fashionable, of his own. That this was owing to any particular medical talent on his part his *confères* stoutly denied—but as they would have denied it in any case, doubtless little weight is to be attached to their opinion. The doctor himself, it was said, had expressed great surprise at his success; and had even been heard, in conversation with his most intimate friends, to attribute it to his "Genius." There was another point about him which had excited a great deal of talk, and had even formed the subject of a criminal trial. It was asserted that he was a man given up in secret to the lowest and most depraved practices; that twice in every week he devoted a part of the afternoon to a ramble in the dirtiest and most abandoned quarters of Paris—with what intentions might easily be conceived. A discharged servant who owed him a grudge had followed him on one of these occasions. This man had observed him enter the courts of several houses and advance as far as the doorstep. Then, as if struck by a sudden hesitation, he would return back again into the street. These circumstances communicated to one of the weekly journals had formed the staple of a series of articles on Dr. L., with several stars. The public laughed, but the doctor contrived that his assailants should laugh on what is familiarly known, though not exactly defined, as "the wrong side of the mouth." He commenced an action against the journal, recovered damages, and, by his influence at court, procured its suppression. His friends were somewhat surprised at the warmth with which he took the matter up, alleging, with truth, that in a country so great and enlightened as France, the private bad habits of a physician could in no way injure his position—in fact, with the ladies, his especial clients, would probably improve it. He was not to be talked to; and he entered into the prosecution in a violent, almost savage spirit of retaliation, which was quite at variance with his usual philosophical indifference.

At the time when we introduce him to the reader, that is to say, at the beginning of the year 1816, Doctor Longjumeau, the popular physician, was meditating an important step in life. This step was one which he had long contemplated; so long, that most people thought he would never have the heart to take it; in other words, he was about to be married. "Society," on learning the tidings, naturally racked its capacious brain to find out what could be alleged against the project. The bridegroom had arrived at the mature age of forty-six—that was not much; but the bride had neither beauty nor fortune—and that was a great deal. Looking down at these two startling facts, *ex cathedra*, society arrived easily at the conclusion, that the doctor, in his extra medical capacity, was a very foolish man. He, for his part, totally disregarding these comments, or, perhaps, never hearing them, pressed on the marriage with a haste which almost looked as if he feared that the prize would slip from his grasp. Léonie de Mareste, in the plenitude, if not of her beauty, at all events of her simplicity and grace, first presented herself to his eyes at one of the soirées of the great



MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCE OF THE DOCTOR'S WIFE—AN UNLOOKED-FOR DISCOVERY.

painter, Baron Gérard. She used to come there with her mother, very modestly, indeed humbly attired; and the two would sit together in a corner, taking little share in the brilliant conversation which lit up that celebrated salon. Various little symptoms revealed to the doctor the fact that they were exceedingly poor. They always came and returned on foot; little specks of mud on Mademoiselle's shoes, which she tried to hide under her dress, spoke for themselves. Her gowns bore, to his eyes—accustomed to rest on the most brilliant toilettes of Paris—certain unmistakable signs that they were of her own making. Yet, despite this, there was an elegance about them, never of the fashion, but often much above the fashion, like a result inspired by her own innate taste, not drawn from the example of others, and which, if revealed in the case of an Empress or other lofty personage, would itself have set the fashion, which others would have followed. It was rather from a feeling of compassion for this isolation that the doctor first approached this pair. The mother he soon discovered to be a nonentity, a mere background figure, which receded from view as that of her daughter came forward. The conversation of the latter at first pleased him; in the end, quite engrossed him, so that he could not leave her side, even while Humboldt, or Cuvier, or Pozzo di Borgo were drawing, by the magic of their talk, a charmed circle around them. In what the fascination consisted it would have been difficult for him to determine. Perfect nature, which contrasted with the imperfect art of the female celebrities around him; a readiness of apprehension, rather than that quickness of original conception, which goes to make up what is known as wit; above all, a sincerity and depth of feeling which the most brilliant of women rarely possess—perhaps it might have been some of these qualities which induced him to turn to Léonie as to a wild flower suddenly transplanted to, and lingering in, the atmosphere of a hot-house. On inquiring of his host, he ascertained that the De Marestes were one of those old but decayed noble families swept by the whirlwind of the Revolution into the ranks of the Bourgeoisie. The widowed mother and daughter remained alone of the name. Visiting the former in the course of an illness which she had, the doctor was able to learn a great deal more of his intended than falls to the lot of most engaged persons. He saw her not only attentive at the couch of her sick parent, but fulfilling most of the duties of a domestic servant, and that with a grace which seemed to enlist her very poverty as an additional charm in her behalf. It is not every one that knows how to be poor. In short, the doctor made his proposals, and was accepted. The marriage was fixed to take place in a month from the day when the trembling "yes" from the young lady's mouth, and the much more decidedly pronounced monosyllable from the lips of the older lady, had rendered the doctor even gayer than usual at his Sunday supper-party, the last but two that was to take place in his present apartments.

On the morning of the wedding ceremony, Baptiste, his valet, availed himself of the licence accorded to an old servant, to give him certain useful hints touching his attire and appearance. "The furred cape and the sugar-loaf hat which monsieur has been in the habit of wearing," said he, "are a little passed out of mode, so are the boot-tassels—and, I presume, now that monsieur is about to be married—"

"You presume, Baptiste, that after such an egregious piece of folly as that, I may as well fill in the remaining portions of the character by stalking about, at my age, like a full-blown dandy of the Boulevard de Gand?"

"Oh! pardon, monsieur le docteur; not quite so far as that. To every condition, its corresponding costume; to the very young and those in the prime of life, different; to single and newly married, different again."

"Indeed, Baptiste! I was not aware of the latter point, or that among the pleasures of matrimony was to be reckoned a change of tailors. Well, pursue your criticisms," continued the doctor, laughing. "Do you notice any other portion of my toilette that I should have sacrificed to the god of fashion—*suspendisse potenti vestimenta Paris deo*?"—he had a bad habit of quoting Latin.

"I don't know what that means which monsieur has said just now, but I know this: married people, especially where there is a trifling difference of age on one side, cannot be too particular about each other's appearance in the first days. Quit to return to their old habits, by way of consolation, when they have begun to grow indifferent to each other. *Mon Dieu*, monsieur, I speak to you from experience. Désirée and I might have adored each for a whole twelve-month, but for—"

"You are right," said the doctor, struck by a sudden thought, and cutting short the valet's reminiscences. "Besides the points you have named, is there any other to which you would apply the torch of Hymen?"

It seems to me that the large old-fashioned brooch which monsieur wears in his neckerchief, though it might have been all very well in the days of the Directory, is quite out of place now, and gives monsieur an antiquated air."

"Take the brooch for yourself, and tie my neckerchief in a bow." "Thanks, monsieur, though you imagine readily that it was not with the view of obtaining it for myself that I spoke. Then, I think that that still more old-fashioned ring—"

"What ring?"

"The one on monsieur le docteur's little finger—a bright yellow stone, with a strip of gold across it. Really a design which one never seen o-w-days, and which quite spoils the contour of monsieur's elegant hand!"

"Baptiste," said the doctor, rising, "you are not aware that that ring is a talisman?"

"A talisman? Ah, bah! Monsieur jests?"

"Never more serious in my life, my dear fellow," replied the doctor, though his tone, as he spoke, was only half-serious. "Like the enchanted rings you have read of in the 'Thousand-and-one-nights,' it enables me to pierce through stone walls—renders me invisible when I choose—and above all, informs me of what my servants are doing at home in my absence; a useful piece of information, eh, Baptiste? But enough of this prating. Time is getting on, and I think I hear the carriage."

"Talisman or no talisman," said the doctor, as they rolled along the Mairie, to his "best man" and most intimate confidant—indeed, the only person in the world to whom he had ever communicated his early history—"it is not my intention to part with my little friend here. Strange, was it not, the manner in which it first came into my possession—stranger still, that all my inquiries about the actors in the mystery of that fatal night should have ended in disappointment! I suppose there is not a house with a courtyard in the whole of Paris where I have not intruded myself to look at the doorstep and to examine the *porte-cochère*. How often I have risked being taken up! Well, those points might have been all fancy, or the house very likely has been pulled down. But then I have examined all the burial registers of the various mairies for the year two—hunted up, at different times, every person in France, as I verily believe, bearing the name which I suppose to be that of the murdered woman. No result! For sixteen years I have been at this work, as you know. At first, some idea of furthering justice incited me; now, the matter has long passed into a problem to be solved. And do you know that the longer I have been working at it, and the further I appear to be from a solution, the more intensely curious have I become upon the subject. And then," pursued the doctor, "the singular episode of the gipsy woman which I have often related to you, just after my last interview with poor Marguerite! How instantly the sight of the ring changed her intentions respecting me!"

"Pure imagination!" put in his friend. "These women, acting on the superstitions of others, have also superstitions of their own. Read the confessions of the Scotch witches. Something in the lines of your hand caught her attention!"

"Well, then, not many days after my escape to the German side of the river I sailed from Hamburg in a merchant vessel, bound for the United States. I am recapitulating what you know; but I wish to call your attention to a singular circumstance which you are not yet

acquainted with. At that time I did not wear the ring on my finger, but kept it concealed about my person. The fact is, I was reduced to a very low ebb. Some gold I had upon me was left behind in my cast-off clothes, at the pavilion. I begged my way to Hamburg, and worked my passage thence in a mixed capacity, of doctor to be occasionally consulted, and seaman to be perpetually beaten into a knowledge of his duty. My seven years in America were a constant struggle for bare life; by turns squatter, domestic servant, actor of French parts in remote settlements, where we played for a dish of pork and beans. To exhibit a piece of jewellery on my person under these circumstances would have been out of place, sometimes even dangerous to my safety. In fine, after seven years of hardship, I made up my mind to return to France. I landed there as poor as when I left it, except that a fellow-seaman, on whom I attended in his last hours, bequeathed me a few baubles inherited from his mother, with the earnest request that I would sell them for my own support. Arrived at Paris, whither the produce of my remaining dollars just served to float me, I take them to a jeweller. By some chance my little friend here finds its way into the packet. The next day, by paying about three times its intrinsic value, I am able to reclaim it. In an excess of joy I draw it on my little finger, and then it suddenly strikes me that, for greater security, I will henceforth permit it to remain there. Besides, with my four hundred francs, and whatever credit I can get, I set up as a doctor in a very humble way; and a doctor, however humble, may be allowed to wear a ring on his little finger."

The "best man" yawned at this point.

"Mark the result! From the day of my exhibiting to view this jewel fortune flowed in upon me in a most extraordinary way. First, one great lady takes me by the hand, then another—I penetrate to court—in fact, I have been whirled mysteriously up to my present height, rather than fought my way to it. Science," pursued the doctor, "forbids us to entertain the notion of talismans, or presiding geniuses, or so-called superstitions of the kind; yet I cannot help sometimes, do you know, reverting to my early creed, or imagining that some powerful influence beyond the reach of our philosophy, does lie hidden in this topaz ring."

"It will exercise a powerful influence in the way of postponing your marriage, if you keep on looking at it much longer," growled out his friend. "I suppose you know that we are at the door of the Mairie, and the bride is waiting."

During the first year of their union they may be said to have been perfectly happy. Nearly every married couple contrive, indeed, to prolong the romance of their lives into a serial of at least twelve monthly parts, unless—as has sometimes happened—a separation should actually have taken place at the church doors. But in the case of Dr. and Madame Longjumeau, this year of happiness seemed only like the prelude to a great many more. She was one of those young women sometimes to be met with, who never fail to inspire us with the notion that they would be admirable in the part of "old men's wives." Providence, in its wise economy, has raised up a good many such—in order, no doubt, that even the oldest bachelors might find no excuse for persisting in their sin. Madame Longjumeau was never so happy as when alone in the society of the doctor, whom she looked up to as a father and husband in one. In the society of others, not the most brilliant little-tattle of the handsomest fop in Paris could prevent her from turning her eyes, every now and then, in the direction where he stood looking at her, and then those calm, dove-like eyes subsided into an expression which made the fop lose his patience, as he had already lost his time. Gradually these young men dropped off from her; she was never exactly of their sort of women. Then she entered, quite naturally and happily, into the coteries of elderly people, who sat about in corners talking sense, and declining to dance. It was her element. She came herself, somehow, to be looked upon as a middle-aged woman, though only in her twenty-fourth year; and she encouraged the idea that she was much older than she looked. The doctor's new household in the Rue de Rivoli was conducted in a manner which showed the presence of a master-spirit—and there is scope for a master-spirit in ruling households as well as nations. *Comfort*, if not yet a received word in their vocabulary, was something still better—an actual presence in salon, kitchen and wardrobe; and the doctor confessed, with a laugh, that his wife was, after all, the best talisman in his possession. The Sunday supper parties were still continued under the new régime; and what they lost in empty frivolity they gained, perhaps, in other ways; for the wits who came there became, after a little murmuring, quite reconciled, in the end, to the respectable and reformed character of these entertainments.

Only one cause of possible dissension existed between them; and the reader, acquainted with French society, has already named the mother-in-law. But the doctor was acquainted with French society, too; in the course of his experience he had seen one goodly bark after another wrecked upon this frightful sunken rock; and he determined, for his part, to fix its longitude and bearing before putting to sea. Among our neighbors it is exceedingly common for a widowed mother to insist upon not separating herself from her married daughter. There is a *quid pro quo*, to be sure; the *quid* may be taken as the income of her dowry, which she brings into the common fund, and the *quo* stands for the unhappiness of all parties. Madame de Mareste, though she, indeed, had no equivalent to offer, of course, came out with a proposal to this effect. Her future son-in-law knew her to be an insignificant and empty-headed woman, but he thought, on that very account, she might only prove the more dangerous. He determined to buy her off at a sacrifice. "I have a charming little villa at St. Cloud," said he, "which I am particularly anxious should be occupied. If you, madame, will consent to inhabit it, I shall be happy to furnish it for you, and to pay you a *rente viagère* of five thousand francs a year, as long as you continue my tenant. For your constitution country air is essential; mind, I say this as your doctor. Léonie shall spend one day of every week with you." So, after some demur, it was settled; and Madame de Mareste being happily removed into a genteel banishment, her daughter continued to pay her a weekly visit, which she fixed, by her own choice, on the Saturday, generally leaving Paris in a hired vehicle at ten in the morning, and not returning till dinner time. Her husband wished to give up his own carriage to her for that day, but she never could be brought to accept it.

On one of these Saturdays, in the fall of the year—they had been married, as we have said, just a twelvemonth—when Léonie had driven out as usual to visit her mother, it happened that the doctor, having concluded his round of visits, found himself with three or four hours of spare time at his own disposal. The weather was clear and bracing, in unison with his spirits, and he sallied forth for a long ramble on foot. As he walked up the Boulevard, he could not help reflecting on his wedded happiness, of a piece with all the other good luck which had befallen him, and which, for having come to him late in life, had only seemed on that account to come with redoubled force. He thought of his past successes, of his present position; contrasting it with that which he occupied when pacing this very Boulevard, a poor student, just four-and-twenty years ago. This train of reflection led him in the direction of the old *guinguette* near the Bastille, where he had passed so many evenings, and tossed off so many bumpers in honor of the regenerators of mankind. It had long disappeared, as he already knew, and the *quartier* was regenerated, if nothing else—tall and stately structures, looking down with a quiet air of possession from the ground once occupied by a long line of miserable, tumble-down cottages. On one of these structures, he read, in gold letters, the sign of a restaurant, "*Au roi desiré*." "The new toast," thought the doctor, "in honor of which we drain the present glass, before calling for a fresh one." Then he turned off—passing on his way the square from which he had been driven on a certain eventful night, and took a route which led him across the river to his old lodgings near the Sorbonne. They, too, had become a mere reminiscence of the past, having been, so to speak, run over by the car of progress, whose victorious course stood revealed in a new and handsome street

which had quite engulfed them. "Mamma Durand, and little Annette, who used to make love to me—where are they now?" thought the doctor to himself. "The old woman must, I should think, have been pulled down by time, about the same epoch as the old street; the young woman has, perhaps, grown into a stately dame, and inhabits one of the fine new houses yonder." There was nothing in the reminiscences of those days—reminiscences of shifts, and struggles, and grim penury staring at him from every point of the moral compass—which did not tend to exalt the doctor's sense of his altered circumstances. Perhaps he had never been so happy as on that day. He was conscious, as he walked on, of having grown much stouter since his marriage. It was not the first time that the fact had pressed itself on his notice; but now, in particular, he became aware that the ring on his little finger pained him. Always very tight, it had now embedded itself in the flesh, rapidly increasing around it, so that it pressed upon and almost paralyzed the joint. "I must certainly have it enlarged," said he. "There can be no harm in parting with it for a day or two, for that purpose." Just at this moment he stood in front of what had been Bignon's shop, on the Quai des Orfèvres, and which formed another point of interest in his ramble. It was still a jeweller's shop, but amazingly changed and metamorphosed—covers and dishes of massive silver lighting up one window, and all the modern nic-nackeries in the way of chains, seals, brooches, bracelets, and the like, intermingled in a studied confusion, in the other window—in fact, quite a fine place. "This shop will do as well as any other," thought the doctor; "besides, it is kept by friend Bignon's former shopman, who knows the ring, and will take an interest in doing the job properly."

"Ah, bon jour, monsieur le docteur," exclaimed the shopkeeper, "I have not seen you for years. Pray be seated." After a little preliminary conversation, the visitor explained his errand, and the ring, what with a great deal of pulling and pushing, and reddening of knuckles, and the use of various threads and other mechanical contrivances practised by jewellers, at last stood warm, and a trifle bent, upon the table.

"Ah, the old affair," said the shopkeeper, taking it up; "the old affair we had here, I think, in the year Zero. Times have altered with you since then, doctor. A curious design. Do you know we have had a trinket here once since that time, which very much reminds me of this."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor. Then, with an air of affected carelessness, he added, "I should be glad to hear about it."

"It was not a ring, but a man's brooch. The stone was the same as this, topaz; and there was a similar strip of thin gold overlying it. The cabalistic characters—or whatever you choose to call them—were identical, I think, too; but the crest, if I remember rightly, was different. A gentleman left it here, one day in the year nine, for the same purpose as yourself, to be altered in some way—but he never returned, poor fellow, to claim it."

"How was that?" asked the doctor.

"He died a few days afterwards, killed in a duel. There was some story told of his having suspected or discovered the infidelity of his wife; but not being personally acquainted with him, I of course did not take the trouble of inquiring into the facts. All I know is, that about a week after a lady called at the shop with a written order, purporting to come from the executors, for the delivery of the brooch, and I gave it her accordingly. In the course of a little while one of the executors came in person, and I learnt from him that the order was a forgery, and that they were wholly unacquainted with its author, whose personal appearance I described to him. They thought it was most probably one of the deceased's former mistresses, who wished, no doubt, to possess some memento of him. But the article being of such small value, the matter was suffered to drop."

"Did you know anything of the owner's name or history?"

"His name I have forgotten. He was a general in the Imperial Guard, which struck me as singular, for he could scarcely have been thirty years old. He had risen from the ranks, it was said. But men did rise rapidly in those days."

As the doctor left the shop, a shade of depression might have been observed on his face, in place of the joyous look which it had borne on his entrance. The incident related to him by the jeweller had disquieted him a good deal more than he liked to confess to himself. The career of the owner of the brooch must have closely resembled his own—a rapid and mysterious rise; but from that rise there had been a fall, sudden and terrible. It might be only the result of accident; still, it is singular that the catastrophe should have befallen him at a moment when he had suffered the talisman to pass out of his possession. The doctor felt half inclined to return to the shop and take back his ring, but was restrained by a sense of shame and by a certain vague feeling of curiosity to test the result of parting with it for a few days. Meanwhile, by a very common instinct, he had changed his former sauntering pace into a brisk walk, as if to dispel, by some kind of bodily counter-irritation, the gloomy fancies that were gathering in his mind. He did not know or care in what direction he was walking, but permitted his feet to carry him onward, like a horse upon whose neck the reins have been thrown by his rider. In both cases the direction taken will be most commonly one to which some former reminiscence attaches itself—some point to which the horseman has been in the habit of riding his horse, or the mind of the pedestrian has urged his feet. And so it happened that before long the doctor found himself in a very low part of the city, at the extreme south of the Faubourg St. Germain, and in a labyrinth of narrow streets which he had often explored in his researches after the mysterious house. Those researches he had abandoned at the period of his marriage without any intention of resuming them. But on this particular occasion a certain impulse kept him wandering about the *Quartier* and threading one dirty street after another without any other purpose in view than the indulgence of his own vagabond humor. Meanwhile, the short November day was drawing to a close, and the swarthy, villainous faces which met his eyes every now and then in the twilight, reminded him that there were other and greater dangers to be run by remaining longer where he was than that which had at first suggested itself, of catching a cold in the head.

He accordingly quickened his pace, which had again subsided into a lazy saunter, and turned in the direction of home. His way happened to take him down a lane, which he did not remember to have seen before. It was bounded on either side by a high wall, fronted by a strip of grass, on which were planted a double row of sickly, stunted trees. The wall on his right hand was pierced at about equal distances by doors, each evidently communicating with the garden of a house. He could just see the top stories of what must be the backs of these houses, their fronts being doubtless turned upon a street parallel to the lane. It would be impossible to imagine a more cut-throat looking place, or one in which a person of decent appearance would be less anxious to find himself on a dark winter evening. The doctor scarcely knew whether to feel alarmed or reassured on observing one of the garden doors at some distance before him to open and a human figure to make its appearance. It was coming hastily in his direction. A secret instinct, for which he could not account, induced him to take his stand behind one of the trees, and, himself unobserved, to watch it as it came by. It was the figure of a woman, closely veiled and shabbily attired; the skirts of her dress almost rustled against his own, yet in her hurry she did not notice him. It was not till she had passed his hiding-place, by some feet, and he could gain a view of her entire figure, that a certain something in her walk and motions attracted his attention and set his heart beating strangely. An idea, which he scarcely liked to own to himself, ran itself in rivers of fire through his veins. A moment afterwards his quick eye caught a well-known movement of the arm towards the side—one of those habitual movements by which we recognize our friends at a distance, a long time before any other sign of their identity has revealed itself. The doctor followed the form a short way, creeping from tree to tree, noiselessly, on the grass. Then he stopped and by a great effort steadied his whirling

brain into something like reflection. There is an intuition as certain, seeming to us at times as yet more certain, than the evidence of our own senses; and, by that internal light, Doctor Longjumeau knew, as surely as if he had raised her veil or listened to the tones of her voice, that the woman whom he had been following was no other than Madame Longjumeau, his own wife.

Should he accost her at once? It was his first and most natural impulse; but on second thoughts he discarded it. Without being able to consider calmly what had best be done, he could just see that there were objections to doing this. He was a man, as we have seen, of some presence of mind at a critical moment, and a few minutes struggle restored him to his habitual self-command. He turned hastily back and took note of the door from which his wife had come out; then followed the lane till it emptied itself into a street, the name of which, with certain other particulars, he entered carefully in his mind, so as to make sure of finding the place again. These preliminaries settled, he ran to the nearest cab-stand and secured a *fiacre*, and the whip-hand of the driver was so amazingly strengthened by the extra five-franc piece applied to it, that in less than half the usual time the doctor found himself set down at his own door. He went upstairs to his study and awaited the return of Madame Longjumeau.

(To be continued.)

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

THE SWILL MILK TRADE OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

Our fearless exposure of the swill milk trade has created an unprecedented excitement, not only in New York and Brooklyn, but all throughout the country. It is the subject of conversation of every group in the streets, in every railroad car and in every house. Those who had heard of the iniquities of the trade and had slighted the reports as idle gossip, were overwhelmed by the double evidence of the facts portrayed by our pen and our pencil. There was no escaping conviction with such truthful but horrible evidence before their eyes. Thousands have given up drinking milk in the fear that they have been taking the swill trash. Many mistakes will undoubtedly arise, the innocent will in some instances suffer with the guilty, but it must ever be so when a great social wrong has to be righted. To strike a decided blow renders minute distinctions impossible, but the honest men will come up right speedily, and we shall do all in our power to place them in a prominent position before the public.

In our last we showed that distillery swill milk was injurious to health, and that, in the opinion of the most eminent medical men, the deaths of two-thirds of the children in New York and Brooklyn could be distinctly traced to the use of impure milk vended in the cities. In the medical report to which we alluded last week we find the following opinion of Professor Charles Lee:

"Children who are fed with 'still-slop-milk' have a pale, cachectic appearance, are extremely subject to *scrofula*, and are liable to take every epidemic disease prevalent. To scarlet-fever, measles, hooping-cough they are particularly subject, and will take them upon the slightest exposure; such children being apt to sink under any serious disease with which they may be attacked. There is a laxity of the solids and vitiated condition of the fluids which predispose them to disease in its most malignant form, &c."

Again, he says, "I could give you any number of cases where the health of children has been utterly destroyed by the use of still-slop milk; and I could convince you that the *cholera infantum* itself, the great scourge of our city, is, in fact, chiefly caused by the use of this milk, either by the mother or child; for it is a singular fact that in the large cities of Europe, where other causes of disease, with the exception of this, are as prevalent as in New York, this disease is absolutely unknown. Hence the efficacy of a removal to the country, as a change of diet is the necessary consequence."

The following letter was received at this office last week from a lady well-known and highly esteemed in this community. It is an evidence that is perfectly conclusive, corroborated as it is by the highest medical authority:

DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to find that you are attacking the "swill milk" evil, and that you are dealing your blows so vigorously and so liberally; and if the accompanying communication, detailing my own experience in this matter, will do ever so little towards its abatement, it is entirely at your service.

Yours respectfully,

STANLEY.

New York, May 8.
A few years ago, while residing in this city, I became the mother of a vigorous and healthy boy. At the age of seven months he was as large and robust as a child as any parent could desire, for up to that time he had never touched a drop of any other nourishment than that of nature's own providing. Then my health suddenly failed, and I was ordered by my physicians to wean the child. We had very hard work to force him to eat his new food, and after trying all sorts of experiments with spoons, bottles, silver tubes, &c., &c., for I could not bring myself to employ a wet nurse, the poor child was finally, through sheer hunger, forced into submission.

It was some little time before his new diet began to tell upon him, for of course a slow poison will not immediately show its effects upon a healthy child, but those effects came at length. There were first disordered bowels; then came cholera infantum, which was subdued with infinite difficulty; and after that a chronic inflammation, which kept the little sufferer for several weeks on the brink of the grave, and the hearts of his parents in perpetual terror and fear of losing their only child. The doctor called it "teething," and a change of air was ordered. So we took the child to Little Landing, and spent several weeks there. He improved every day, and finally appeared so well that we ventured back to the city. In two or three days the same symptoms returned, and we again fled to give our darling the benefit of country "air." He recovered again, and as it was very inconvenient to be so long away from home, and the warm weather was nearly over, we once more returned to the city. On the second day behold again the symptoms which I knew so well! The third time we tried the experiment with the very same result. We now began to think that it could not be the air alone which produced such immediate results. We had a kind neighbor—one of those old "Knickerbockers" who preferred to keep his old family residence intact, which residence now furnishes one of the green, refreshing, unpretending, homelike spots so rare in the very heart of this great city—and this kind neighbor insisted on sending us over, every day, milk from his own dairy—the milk of beautiful, sleek-looking cows that I could see grazing on the green grass, which was such a blessing to the neighborhood; and although, after our last return, we had a good long spell of very warm, damp weather, those terrible symptoms never returned! It was the milk alone which had poisoned my child.

Our physician said he never saw any fact more clearly proved; it was a demonstration.

The residence to which I allude was that of the Van Ness family, on Charles, Fourth and Bleecker streets.

This tells the whole story. A volume could not more plainly illustrate the fact that swill milk is the poison which kills our children by thousands every year.

Those interested in the traffic endeavor to prop up their hopeless cause by asserting that the chemical analysis does not show so very marked a difference between swill and pure milk. It shows, however, a total derangement of the milk constituents, sufficient, in the opinion of medical men, to account for its demoralizing action upon the human system. Mr. Reid, the well-

known chemist, analyzed this milk in many ways, for the Committee of the Academy of Medicine. He submitted it to the following test:

"To test if this milk was decomposed by heat in the same manner and time as other milk, a portion was placed in a glass vessel and retained at the temperature of ninety-eight degrees of heat for six hours before coagulation took place, while a portion of Orange county milk treated in the same manner coagulated in one hour."

Upon which the Medical Committee remark that the test "has evinced a most important fact, that the distillery milk will not coagulate in less than six hours; while pure milk, under the same influences, coagulates in one hour. This, with the observations of Dr. Clark, showing the peculiar tendency of the milk globules to conglomeration and the tenacity with which they adhere, appears to the committee a most important matter. This alone may serve to account for the whole disturbance caused to the system of the child fed on this nutriment."

We have still further evidence upon this subject, and bearing directly upon the intimate connection between the cow's food and its produce. Its application, it will be seen, is direct and positive.

The Child and the Mother.

"It may be said that the analysis of swill milk shows nothing very bad on its face. It requires nothing very injurious to act unfavorably on an infant. But it does require something very good and wholesome to nourish and raise that tender plant, especially when it wholly depends on it for sustenance and life. It is well known that a trifling cause will injuriously affect the milk of a woman, and the strict injunctions that are given by the physician as to the food she may use. An orange or a few drops of acid will at once affect the milk. Is it not fair to suppose that the swill milk she uses has just as unfavorable an effect on her? A little over-exertion, or becoming over-heated, will at once affect the milk, and cause it to disagree with the child; and yet by analysis, but little if any difference will be found. There may be some slight difference in the constituent parts almost too trifling to detect. If such slight causes will injuriously affect the milk, and cause it to disagree with and sicken the child, what must the effects be on an infant that is wholly fed on milk from sick swill-fed cows, cooped up in hot stables, fed on hot swill, breathing the same fetid air over and over again—their lungs destroyed, and the poisonous secretions passing off in the milk instead of by the lungs?"

Who shall detect the Subtle Poison?

"And if the small change in a mother's milk so sensibly affects the health of her child, what must the effects be on the health of one fed on swill milk, so entirely different in its constituent parts from pure country milk? And there may be many things in the milk that it is impossible to detect by analysis. Who has visited the hold of a ship infected with yellow fever, and detected it by analysis? What would he call that which he had found? Who has been able to detect anything that conveys small-pox in the infected chamber? And if a child nursed from a woman sick with that disease, would it not be considered a miracle if it escaped?"

We could enlarge upon this subject, but we believe that what we have said and quoted cannot be controverted, and must be convincing.

Our Further Developments.

Since our last issue we have been unresting in our researches. We have kept our detective corps continually on the alert, and have learned many curious things. We find that it is a common practice for a butcher to purchase a cow and calf, to kill the latter and to hire the cow out to the stables for so much per month. The cow is immediately inoculated for the stable disease and milked. If she becomes dry before she is eaten up with the disease, she is fattened up and returned to the butcher and the transaction between them is ended, the public eating the swill-fed beast. If when drying up she is still suffering from the cow stable disease, the difference in the value has to be made up by the cow-keeper, and the cow—well, what becomes of the cow in this case remains to be found out, but Mr. Mullaly says: "A large amount of this kind of meat is used by the poorer classes, who never suspect the reason they obtain it cheaper than it is sold elsewhere. The law has made it a misdemeanor to sell diseased beef, and about a year ago several persons were arrested for its violation, but at present, although the practice is continued, we seldom hear of any arrests being made. It is not very difficult to detect this meat; it has a peculiar bluish appearance, and becomes putrid in a much shorter time than good beef. It also takes more of it to weigh a pound, and when cooked there is less of it."

We find that men who never visit the stables are yet supplied with swill milk. It is left for them at certain stores, and after getting their supply of pure milk from some railroad depot, they call for the swill cans, and then it would be difficult to tell who gets the pure and who is poisoned by the swill milk. Sometimes the cans are received on the route from other milk carts, so that the mere fact of a cart not coming from the cow stables is no positive proof that it carries pure milk.

How the Poor are Poisoned.

One man (we shall clearly indicate him by and by), came to us, and with great indignation, accused us of ruining his business; he declared his route, as given by us, to be entirely wrong with the exception of three houses, where he acknowledged he left swill milk, but the other houses, he said, were served with milk from the country. We examined the list, and found the houses where the swill milk was left were of a poor description, while the rest were of a better sort. So that the poor have not only to suffer from poverty, but from poison. After such an acknowledgment, we paid no attention to any of his statements, for a man who knowingly sells swill milk is neither to be trusted nor believed.

We have been solicited by all sorts of persons to go with them and examine their stables, and give them certificates of examination. We have found time to visit two or three, but we found them prepared for us—the cows turned out into building lots to feed, and the stables as crowded and low as any we have described, but tolerably clean. We saw through the sham at once, and shall pay them a visit unawares, and give them the benefit of our circulation.

The more we examine into this swill milk business the more its enormity opens upon us. We find nothing but corruption in its whole system of management, and we are more than ever determined to pursue the investigation of it until nothing is left to be told. We have been threatened openly and anonymously; we have received letters with valiant tirades and bloodthirsty denunciations, but they will not move us from our purpose, for we see that they are dictated by the craven scoundrels who are in mortal fear lest their infamy should be exhibited in all its hideousness, and their pest-houses broken up and swept off the face of the earth.

In their fear, the denizens of the swill stables in Brooklyn attack any one who invades their precincts and looks a little curiously upon their delectable territory. They ferociously attacked the agents of the Brooklyn Directory, under the impression that they were engaged in taking the numbers of the houses using swill milk. The innocent agents barely escaped with their lives, and then by calling in the aid of the police. Twice was this outrage committed. Our detectives have to run the gauntlet of the gangs of Skillman and Sixteenth streets, and their risks are imminent. They prepared to stone one of them,

but the production of a serious-looking revolver enabled him to pass free.

This letter was left at the house of one of our detectives by some person belonging to the Sixteenth street cow stable:

SIR—I understand that you have been following my wagon for the purpose of finding out where my customers are so you can take them away. I warn you from trying that game again I know you like a book I have been on the watch for you I know your house and that you go to Jim Barden's and where your house is in the fourth ave. The first time I catch you I will make a hole in your head. I warn you from following my cart a gain, you are know and you will get your fill of milk some night, you god damed robber, If you ever show your head around the Distillery again you and your Horse and Carriage will go to the bottom of the North River.

JAMES THE PURE MILK MAN.

The City Government beginning to Wake Up.

We have received communications from certain of our city officials, proffering information and offering facilities for investigating the subject of swill milk. We are gratified to be able to state that all are not asleep at the City Hall; indeed there are positive indications that steps will be taken, as soon as we have worked up the public mind to a proper pitch, to annihilate the swill business and extirpate it root and branch. Less than this will not content us, and we will not cease to agitate the question until our end is attained.

The Appearance of the Swill Milk Cow.

In the interesting book of Mr. Mullaly we find the following extracts, which fully corroborate all we published in our last: "The appearance of the animal after a few weeks' feeding upon this stuff is most disgusting; the mouth and nostrils are all besmeared, the eyes assume a leaden expression, indicative of that stupidity which is generally the consequence of intemperance. The swill is a strong stimulant, and its effect upon the constitution and health of the animal is something similar to alcoholic drinks upon the human system. Of this swill each cow drinks about twenty-five or thirty gallons per day. The quantity of milk given upon this food varies from five to twenty-five quarts daily, that is, in every twenty-four hours."

Read the Description of the Milking Operation.

"The operation of milking in these stables is as peculiar as it is disgusting. At the appointed time, the man who is specially engaged for this purpose enters the stable with a pail or can, and raising the cow from the filth in which she has been lying, and with which she is covered, commences the milking process. About eight or ten minutes are generally required to milk a cow, but the time is of course always regulated by the quantity given. An expert hand at the work will milk a dozen cows in an hour and a half, and we are told of one man who performed the task in a still shorter time. There is no article of food which requires more cleanliness in its manipulation than milk. The vessels in which it is contained require constant cleansing; but the men engaged in the swill milk business scorn all such nicety, for with them cleanliness appears to be an exploded idea. Their hands are seldom or never washed before milking, and indeed if they were they would soon be soiled by the cow's udder. In the process it occasionally happens that a lump of dirt falls into the liquid, when the hand of the milker most unceremoniously follows it and brings it out. The udders of some cows have been known to be afflicted with ulcers, yet even in that condition they were milked, and the milk mixed with the general stock for distribution. These details, disgusting as they are, fall far short of the reality."

Read how the poor Cows are treated.

"The treatment to which the poor animals are subjected is so severe that they often sink under it. When they become diseased, as not unfrequently happens, they are milked up to within one or two days of their death; and when no longer able to stand, they are held up until the process is performed. A friend, who was an eye-witness to a case of this kind, informed us that when every means had been tried to make the cow stand, and when kicks and blows proved ineffectual for the purpose, two men sustained while the third milked. When their support was removed she fell to the ground, where she lay until death put a period to her suffering."

In our next we shall give, besides many startling illustrations, a detailed account of the milk trade derived from various sources, with its mode of adulteration and numerous facts full of deep and stirring interest to every resident in our cities. This will be the third act in our real life drama. In a brief time we hope to bring on the denouement.

Report to the City Inspector of New York.

In a report of the Sixteenth street distillery stables, emanating from the Bureau of Sanitary Inspection to the City Inspector, we find, together with a large amount of important evidence to be used in our next, the following paragraphs:

"The space allotted to each cow does not exceed three feet in width—the space in length is sufficient; each cow is fastened to her limited space by a short rope. The ceilings of all these sheds are very low, and no places for ventilation except the doors, and they are very few and narrow, and the air in them is extremely foul, filthy and sickening; and although it was a coolish day when I made the inspection, the poor cows were panting for breath and air, and in a feverish condition; and, indeed, how could it be otherwise, confined as they are in their close, hot and unventilated sheds, surrounded with a noxious, filthy and stinking atmosphere, not a ray of God's sunlight to shine on them, nor a breath of pure air allowed to pass through their nostrils?"

"Indeed, so foul is the air in these stables that the Health Wardens who accompanied me, as well as myself, were compelled to suspend the inspection for a time, to recover from its sickening effects upon us."

Our want of space will prevent us publishing the many kind and encouraging letters we have received, but we hope to present our readers with a few in our next. Vivid descriptions of our cuts will be found on page 380, and many new routes of the swill milk carts, which are looked for with so much anxiety, will be found on page 378 together with the corrected lists already published.

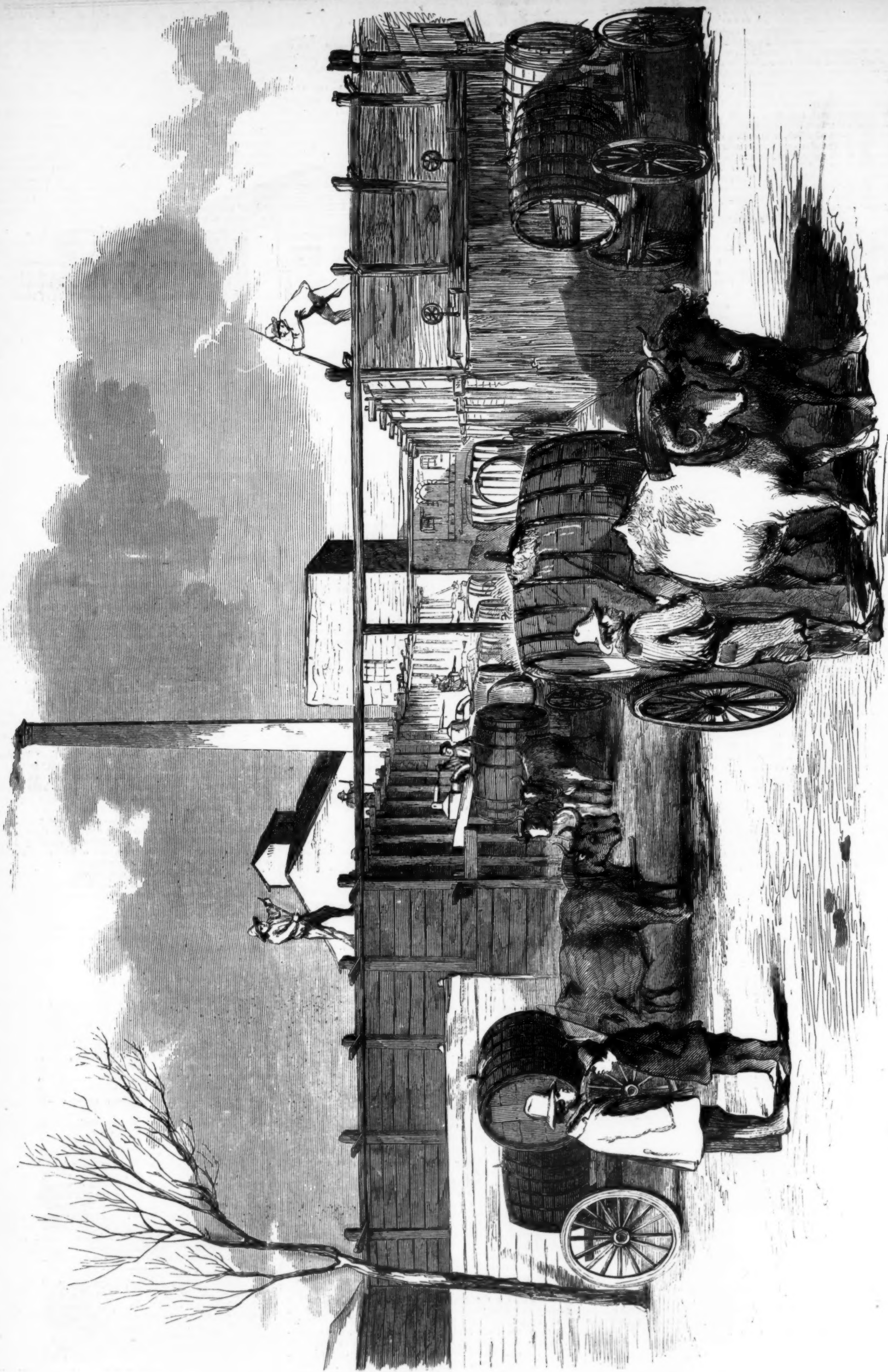
For additional Milk Routes reported since our last, see page 378.

The Weather.

When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see; keep your eye upon it, and if it decreases and disappears, it shows a state of the air which will be sure to be followed by fair weather; but if it increases in size, take your great coat with you, if you are going from home, for falling weather will not be far off. The reason is this: when the air is becoming charged with electricity, you will see every cloud attracting all less ones toward it until it gathers into a shower. And on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off or diffusing itself, even a large cloud will be seen breaking to pieces and dissolving.

Much Ado about Nothing.

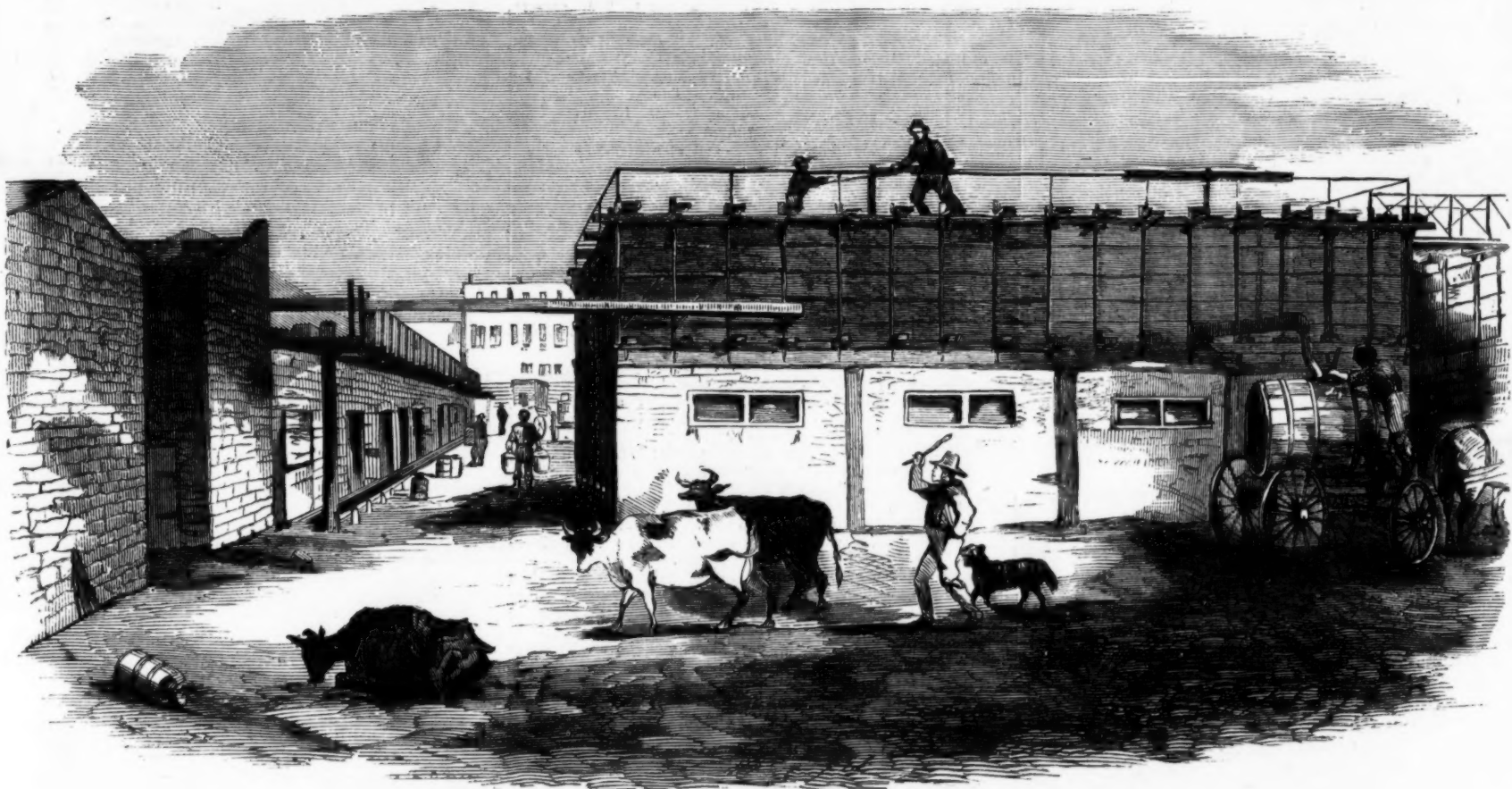
It is recorded that when Louis VII. of France, in obedience to the injunction of his bishop, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne, and that was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All this, probably, would never have occurred had Louis VII. not cropped his head and shaved his beard, which became so disgusting in the eyes of the spirited and vindictive Queen Eleanor.



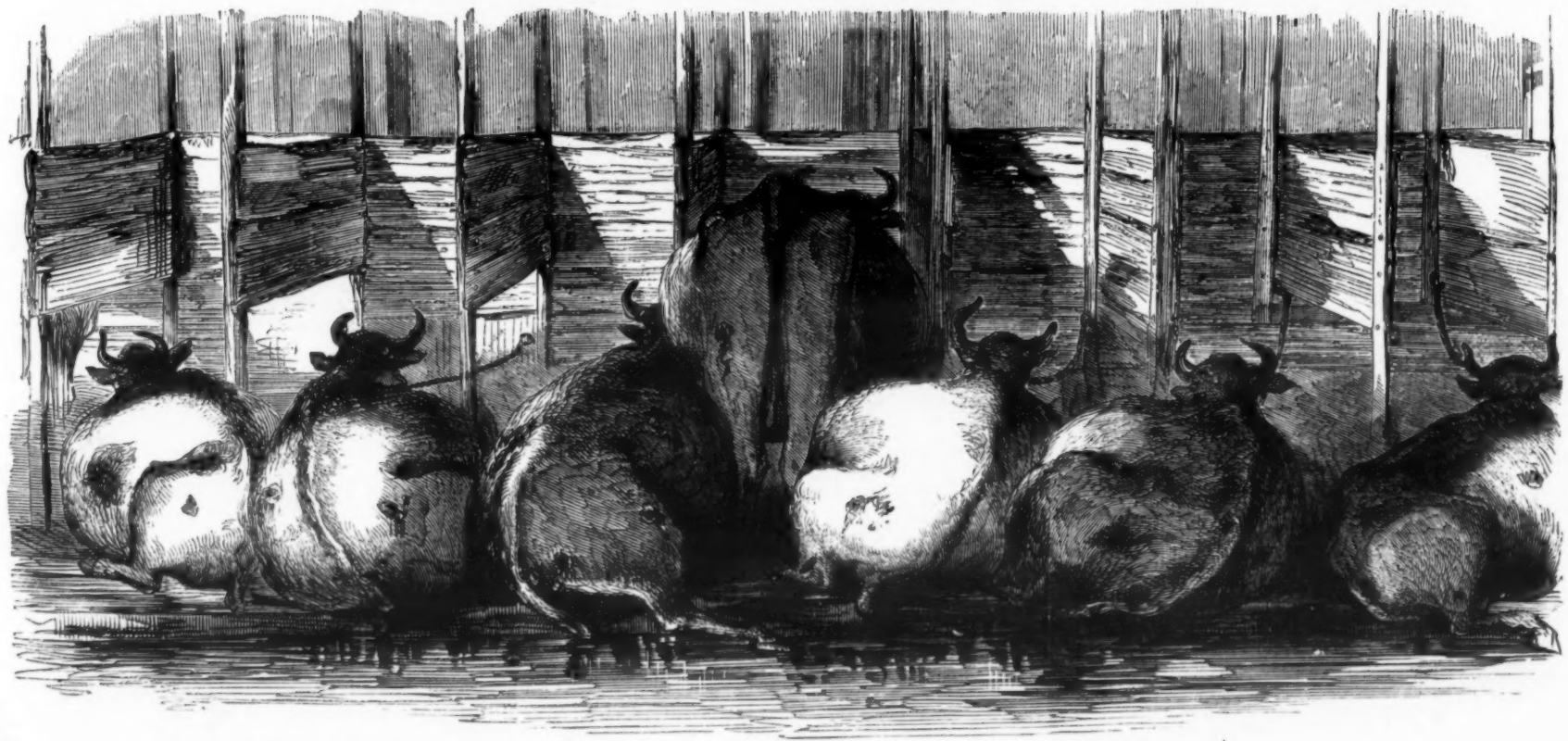
SWILL TANKS CONNECTED WITH HUSTED'S DISTILLERY, SKILLMAN STREET, BROOKLYN. FILLING THE CASKS WITH DISTILLERY SLOPS, TO TAKE TO THE COW-STABLES OF THE LONG-ISLAND FARMERS. [SEE PAGE 380.]



EXPOSURE OF THE MILK TRADE.—VIEW OF COW STABLES ATTACHED TO THE DISTILLERY OCCUPYING BLOCK BETWEEN SIXTEEN H AND SEVENTEENTH STREETS, AND TENTH AVENUE AND NORTH RIVER, N. Y. OWNED BY G. W. & BRADISH JOHNSON. WHERE SEVERAL THOUSAND COWS ARE KEPT. SEE PAGE 380.



VIEW OF YARD OF THE SIXTEENTH STREET COW STABLES, SHOWING THE TROUGHS FROM THE SWILL TANKS TO THE COW STABLES. SEE PAGE 380.



SKETCH MADE IN SIXTEENTH STREET COW STABLES, SHOWING THE MANNER IN WHICH THE COWS ARE CROWDED FOR ROOM AND LIE IN THE REeking FILTH. SEE PAGE 380.

ROUTES OF THE WAGONS CARRYING SWILL MILK FROM THE SIXTEENTH STREET DISTILLERY,

WITH THE NUMBER OF THE HOUSES WHERE THE SWILL MILK WAS SERVED. REPORTED BY OUR DETECTIVES.

NOTE.—It will be seen that we often repeat the name of a street in the routes; we publish the lists exactly as the milkmen make their calls.

Route No. 1.—May 5, Two Cans.

East Nineteenth street, 174, 196 East Twelfth street, 229
East Eighteenth street, 256, 260, St. Mark's place, 266
251, 249, 242, 224 East Eighth street, 252, 258
East Sixteenth street, 116, 118, East Ninth street, 244
130, 122 First avenue, 141
East Fourteenth street, 254 East Ninth street, 258, 260
East Thirteenth street, 290, 294, East Tenth street, 131, 133, 135,
248, 234, 221 139

Route No. 2.—May 5, No Name on Wagon, Driver's Name, — Coyle, Four Cans.

University place, 69 Bayard street, 103, 104, 102, 106
Elizabeth street, 227, 233 Baxter street, 68, 70
Corner of Elizabeth and Prince Pearl street, 489
streets Roosevelt street, 2, 4, 6
Marion street, 59, 70 Oak street, 25
Mulberry street, 228, 240, 242, James's street, 22
244, 246, 248, 250 Oliver street, 53, 67
Mott street, 205 Cherry street, 92
Baxter street, 120, 128, 140, 142, Water street, 368
144, 146, 148, 150 Oliver street, 96

Route No. 3.—May 6, L. Thomas, No. 9, 265 West Sixteenth street.

Sixth avenue, 242 Second street, 43, 45, 48, 5, 151,
East Fifteenth street, 30 153, 155
Third avenue, 102 Second avenue, 32, 33, 5, 22, 25
East Eleventh street, 42 Bowery, 287
Third avenue, 80 Rivington street, 41
Ninth street, 158, 177 Eldridge street, 157
Eighth street, 82 Allen street, 106, 126
East Seventeenth street, 102 Essex street, 169
Avenue A, 89 Houston street, 302, 333, 332,
Sixth street, 90, 96, 60, 62, 70 344
Fifth street, 72 Ludlow street, 192, 183
Fourth street, 458, 460, 447, 443, First street, 101, 103, 105
445 Avenue A, 11
Third street, 48

Route No. 4.—May 7, No Name on Wagon, Four Cans.

West Seventeenth street, 246 Washington street, 73, one can
Greenwich street, 695, grocery, one can; 65
Baxter street, 124, grocery, one can

Route No. 5.—May 7, No Name on Wagon, Driver's Name, — Lyster, Eight Cans.

West Seventeenth street, 153, East Nineteenth street, 45
one can East Twelfth street, 91
Twenty-first street, 79; corner of West Eleventh street, 50
and Second avenue, grocery, University place, 42, corner of
one can Eleventh street
Third avenue, 234, 246 Prince street, 100
East Twenty-sixth, 95 Bedford street, 17, 19
Lexington avenue, 34 Clarkson street, 44
East Twenty-fourth street, 35, 45 One can given to one of G.
East Twentieth street, 47 Morrison's wagons.

Route No. 6.—May 8, Name on Wagon, C. Gallagher.

Amos street, 204 Broome street, 613
Christopher street, 331 Sullivan street, 35, 60, 4
Clarkson street, 10, 12 Mott street, 274, 281, 229
Laurens street, 120, 138, one can; 189, 89, 65, 67, 69

The driver of the milk wagon, when in Sullivan street, near Canal, stopped and loaded his wagon with cobbles, then drove into Canal street, and thence into Laurens. When our detective turned the corner of Canal and Laurens, he found the milkman on the pavement waiting for him with his hands behind his coat and a stone in each. He raised his right hand to throw one; but our detective, quick as thought, showed him his persuader, at sight of which the milkman dropped the stone and pursued his journey, and tried to elude him by driving into the intricate parts of the Five Points.

Route No. 7.—May 8, No Name, Three Cans.

West Nineteenth street, 93, 41, East Thirteenth street, 267
39 East Eleventh street, 139
East Eighteenth street, 205 Avenue A, 207
East Sixteenth street, 141, 143 First avenue, 321, 349
East Fifteenth street, 260, 262 East Twenty-second street, 162

Route No. 8.—May 8, Large Red Wagon, No Name.

Corner of Hammerley and Greenwich street, gave another milkman named B. Kennedy half a can. Our detective says: When Kennedy was getting the milk from the man he hesitated about taking it and pointed me out; he took it, however, and gave another in return; when Kennedy was passing, he looked very sharp at me and called me hard names. His wagon was marked L. I. milk.

Pearl street, 476, bakery, small can Gave half can to another man
Washington street, 77, grocery, half can, and took in return name on wagon
one can Washington street, 89, John
Rector street, 17, two quarts Warde, grocer, eight quarts
Greenwich street, 63, three quarts Rector street, 22, two quarts
Washington street, 117, board- ing-house, ten quarts

After he left Washington street he ran right into my wagon, and thought to break it; I escaped by driving between two milk wagons which were standing by; he struck the hind wheel and knocked the wagon round, but done no damage.

Vesey street, 19, livery stable, two quarts
Got out of his wagon here and asked me whether I was following him; I replied that by my actions I was. He then said that he was a German, was not the boss, was only hired to drive, and that he earned his living by it, and presumed I was doing the same; I told him I did; he then asked me to take a drink with him, and said he did not care a — whether I followed him or not; he then persisted in my either drinking or taking a cigar; I declined both. He then told me not to go to near the stables, as there were some fellows there would tear me to pieces and break my wagon. He declined giving me either his name or his employer's name.

West Seventeenth street, 272, bakery
Here he emptied all his cans into one and took it into the bakery.

Route 9.—May 8, No Name or Number on Wagon.

Eleventh street, St. Vincent's St. Catharine's Convent of the
Hospital, near Greenwich Sisters of Mercy, corner of
avenue, one can Mulberry and Houston
West Tenth street, 12, M. & S. Prince street, 49
McBride Mott street, 219, 229, 277, 246,
Sixth street, 7 248, 295
Bleecker street, 26, 19, M. Caffil Elizabeth street, 178, 180
Jersey street, 4, 15 Bowery, 384
Mulberry street, 280, 281 Sixth street, 9, 18

Route No. 10.—May 9, Name on Wagon, B. Cannon, 4 Cans.

Prince street, 22, 68 Canal street, 204, 209, 214
Mott street, 217, 123 Mulberry street, 98, 100, 106,
Marion street, 17, 19, 25 117, 113, 125, 127
Centre Market place Hester street, 180
Baxter street, 136, 128, 79, 75, City Hall place, 1
78 Sixth Ward Hotel
Walker street, 114 Park street, 31, 34

Route No. 11.—May 9, Name on Wagon, J. Klinker, 66 Tenth Avenue, 4 Cans.

Mulberry street, 131, 64, 61, M. twelve quarts; 18, 20, 22, 24,
Sexton, grocer, thirty quarts 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38
Baxter street, 85, grocery, five Rector street, corner of Trinity
quarts place, Wm. Nordick, grocer;
Park street, 49, grocery, one 5, 8
small can; 38, one can; 27 Washington street, 51, 353,
Trinity place, 9, 7, grocery, Michael Shay, grocer

Route No. 12.—May 9, Name on Wagon, E. H. Sturke, 86 Tenth Avenue, 9 Cans.

Amity street, 98, grocery, half Cherry street, 70, grocery, half
can; 36, grocery, half can;
Spring street, 77, corner Crosby, 17, store, six quarts
grocery, small can Ferry street, 15, grocery, twelve
Mott street, 217, Fisher's gro- quarts
cery, small can; 126, grocery, Spruce street, corner Gold,
half can; 105, grocery, ten liquor store, two quarts
quarts Frankfort street, 20, one quart;
Elizabeth street, 134, grocery, 33, one quart; 29, grocery,
two half cans ten quarts
Grand street, 222, corner Eliza- William street, 229, grocery,
beth, grocery, half can half can
Hester street, 124, grocery, half Greenwich street, 131, grocery,
can ten quarts
Mulberry street, 99, grocery, ten Albany street, 20, rear of lot,
quarts two quarts
Roosevelt street, 62, grocery, half Stone street, 30, store, five
can quarts

In Bleecker street the driver stopped at a grocery store, and told the proprietor that our detective had been following him, and that he had stopped there a little while to bother him; but the proprietor told him that he did not wish him to stop there, as it would reflect discredit on him. When our detective left him, at the end of his route, he took off his hat and bid him good-bye and invited him to call again. He may rely upon our detective paying him another visit if he continues to sell swill milk.

Route 13.—May 10, Red Wagon, No Name or Name.

Driver said his name was Patrick Rielly, and was a retired physician.

West Thirteenth street, 273, grocery, fifteen quarts
Mott street, 68, one can; 179, three quarts
Baxter street, 137, 144, 146, grocery, fifteen quarts; 148, 159,
three families, two quarts each; 126, drove to a bakery, but
the baker declined to take the milk.

Mulberry, 122, boarding-house, four quarts; 120, two families,
one quart each; gave eighteen quarts to another wagon in Mul-
berry street, without name or number.

Hester street, 183, 195, two quarts each
West Sixteenth street, 224, grocery, ten quarts; one of his
customers beckoned to him not to deliver milk at his store—so
the milkman informed our man afterwards.

NOTE.—A shoemaker and his two daughters at 248 Mott
street, looked out of the window, and told our detectives to
follow him up closely; when asked by our detective whether he
used the milk, he said he did, and should continue.

Driver told our man that, last week, one of our detectives
followed a man by the name of Timma, and had scared him so
much that he had left the business and gone to farming, but
that we could not scare him in the same way. We shall see.

The milkman was quite communicative; he said his impression
was, that this would all blow over in a little time.

Route No. 14, May 11.—Name on Cart, B. Mullen, 5 Cans.

On back of Wagon, "Westchester County Milk;" on each
side, "Pure Milk."

West Nineteenth street, 141 Twenty-sixth street and Tenth
Seventh avenue, 129 avenue, grocery, one can
Twenty-first street, 194, front Tenth avenue, 237, one can
and rear Twenty-sixth street, 814
Eighth avenue, 326

Statement of our Detective.

I was following the driver up the Ninth avenue, when he
turned the corner of Twenty-sixth street to Tenth avenue, and
went into the side door of a liquor store, and came out of the
front. As I drove by the store he ran into the road and tried to
seize my horse's head. I told him to go away, but as he per-
sisted I drew a revolver, when he immediately retreated into the
store. I then drove to the Ninth avenue and got a policeman,
who accompanied me to Twenty-seventh street and Tenth avenue,
when we again came up with the milkman. He (the milkman)
drew a revolver (which I presume he got at the liquor store), and
called me all the hard names he could think of, and said that if
I followed him he would kill me. I told him I would continue
to follow him. He got into his wagon, and I followed him up
one street and down another, until he came again to Tenth av.,
when he again got out of his wagon, cursed and swore at me, and
vowed he would blow my brains out if I followed him further. He
raised a crowd about him, and tried to incite them to commit vio-
lence upon me. He urged the policeman to arrest me, but I agreed
to accompany them to the station-house. We drove off the exas-
perated crowd of Irishmen howling and running after me,
endeavoring to catch the wagon. When we reached the Sixteenth
precinct station-house Captain Carpenter came out, when the
milkman said he wanted to make a charge against me for follow-
ing him and drawing a revolver. The captain told him that if he
attempted to stop my horse I had a perfect right to act in self-
defence. The captain asked his name. He said it was Barney
Mullen. The captain then asked him why he wanted to sell that
milk when he could get pure milk—that it was as bad as giving
his customers arsenic; why he did not get pure milk, and if he
wanted to adulterate it to mix it with pure water, which would
not poison the people. Barney said that he could not water the
pure milk sufficiently to make it pay; that he got part of his
milk from the cow stables, and part from the Harlem Railroad
depot. Captain Carpenter then said that he should be down at
the Sixteenth street stables, in the morning, with a force to see
that he and the other swill milkmen didn't interfere with Leslie's
men.

BROOKLYN SWILL MILK ROUTES.

Route No. 1.—May 11, Sylvester Russell, Driver.
Inscriptions on Wagon, "Dry Feed Milk," "Dairy, French
Farm."

Bridge street, 24, three quarts Sands street, 33, two quarts; 46,
Corner of Concord and Pearl, 122, hotel
one can Adams street, 94, 36, 3
Myrtle avenue 27, seven quarts Prince street, 39, fourteen quarts
Henry street, 33, three quarts; York street, 27, 44, 96
144, 196 Gold street, 27, one can; 33, one
pint; 124, fifteen quarts

ROUTES OF THE SWILL MILK WAGONS.

Reported by our Detectives, and Corrected up to May 8,
and Published in our last Edition.

*Fulton street, 2, 3, 4, 7, 27; Whitehall street, 14, 34
Barclay street, 15 Front street, 4
West street, 2, 176 Gouverneur lane
Greenwich street, 4, 46, 50, 94, Water street, 325; do., corner
125, 331 at Dover
Hudson street, 42 Carmine street, 49
+Vesey street, 102, 104 Spring street, 18
Elizabeth street, 40 Broome street, 159, 452
Mulberry street, 15, 131 West Broadway, 152
Bowery, 122, 135 Wooster street, 30
Mott street, 13, 73 Ann street, 26
Roosevelt street, 28, 122 Varick street, 143
Pearl street, 4, 6, 8, 36, 46, 142, Broadway, 734, the Jones
476 House
Centre street, 44, 46 Stuyvesant place, 3, 6, 7
Canal street, 381 or 351 Third avenue, 78
Gold street, 48 Sixth avenue, 77, 91, 105
Frankfort street, 51 Seventh avenue, 42
Chambers street, 14 Ninth avenue, 303; do., corner
City Hall place, 34 of Forty-second street
South street, 46, 60, 61, 64 Second street, 3, 23
State street, 9 Fourth street, 36, 89, 101
Battery place, 2 do., corner of Perry
Morris street, 13, 15, 20 Twelfth street, 98, 119
Washington street, 29, 614, 79, Fourteenth street, 42
107, 239, corner of Robinson Eighteenth street, corner of
street Ninth avenue
+Fulton market, 16 Twenty-sixth street, corner of
Wall street, shanty near foot of Tenth avenue
Coenties slip, shanty in middle East Nineteenth street, 94, 96
Corland street, 57 East Twentieth street, 15

Correction in the Lists published last Week.

* No. 2 route, from Brooklyn swill stables—Fulton street 2, 3, 4, 7
should read Fulton Market 2, 3, 4, 7.

No. 4 Fulton street is the Rogers Hotel. Of the milk taken at
this house we have no information, and therefore presume it to be
right.

+ Since our first edition, Mr. Wandell, 102 Vesey street, has
called and stated that the swill milk left before his house was not
for him but his neighbors. He produced a paper certifying that he
purchased milk from a retailer of the pure country article. Two of
our detectives at different times saw the swill milk left before 102—
but one inference could be drawn from the fact. If all the milk left
at the establishment is purchased from the writer of the certificate,
we withdraw the number.

+ Fulton market, No. 16. Messrs. Mitchell & Blain have called,
thanked us for our information, and state that they have arranged
for a full supply of pure country milk.

No. 27 Fulton street. The proprietor of this establishment has also
acknowledged his obligations, and has made a similar arrange-
ment.

No. 2 route, from Sixteenth street swill stable—Broadway 734
should read Jones House instead of Hone House. Milk taken at
the Hone House we know nothing against.

Seventh avenue should read 42 instead of 24.
We publish the list in the belief that the consumers do not know
the filth they purchase—not for their condemnation, but their infor-
mation.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.

A new Comic Drama,
THE LOVE KNOT.
supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 60 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra
Chairs, 11.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST

Return of the incomparable
RAVELS.
GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME
assisted by the double corps of Great Artists, and positively their last per-
formances in America previous to their final retirement from the stage.
Two great pieces,
Doors open at seven; to commence at eight.
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY,

NEAR HOUTON STREET.
Miss Laura Keene..... Sole Lessee and Directress.
BLANCHE OF BRANDYWINE.
Doors open at 7; the performance will commence at 8 o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle,
25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, 11 each; Private Boxes, 35 and 47.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—An entirely original

Moral Drama.
Engagement of the accomplished and versatile
Miss SUSAN DENIN.
Every Evening at 7½ o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday After-
noons at 3 o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents,
Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR

PRINCE STREET.
Proprietor..... Henry Wood.
A select Ethiopian Entertainment, concluding with an entirely original
sketch, by S. Bleeker, introducing a new grand Dioramic Panorama, entitled,
THE SLEIGH RIDE.
Stage Manager..... Sylvester Bleeker.
Treasurer..... L. M. Winans.
Tickets, 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at
7½ o'clock precisely.

LECTURE BY MR. JOHN MURRAY, JUN., ON "ELOCU-
TION, AND THE ADAPTATION OF THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE TO A STUDY OF THE ART," at the Mercantile Library, May 19,
at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1859.

Notice.

In our next we shall continue our Exposure of the Swill Milk
Trade. We are pushing our inquiries in every direction, and
new facts are daily coming to light which prove how imperative
is the necessity for abolishing these distillery cow-stables alto-
gether. We have commenced a series of experiments, directed

by eminent chemists, and trust that in a few days we shall be able to place before our readers a means by which they will be able to distinguish between the real and the false article.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS IN OUR LAST PAPER (NO. 127), THE COMMENCEMENT OF OUR EXPOSURE OF THE MILK TRADE:

1. Dragging out a Dead Cow, just after Milking, from the Stables connected with the Distillery, corner of Flushing Avenue and Skillman Street, Brooklyn.
2. Interior of the above Stables.
3. Interior of the Shanty for Cooling Cans.
4. Exterior of ditto, and Pond for Diluting Milk.
5. Different Stages of the Tail of the Cow from the time it enters the Stables until the Tail rots off from the Disease after Inoculation.
6. Inoculating the Cow for Swill Milk Stable Disease.
7. View of Wilson and Husted's Distilleries and Cow Stables, Brooklyn.
8. Filling the Cans at the Stables.
9. The "Milk Fountain" Pump in Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn.
10. View of Cow Stable Yard, Wilson's Distillery, Brooklyn.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.

THE MAY NUMBER of this excellent Magazine commences an Original Romance, written expressly for it, by JANUARY SWARLE, called MYRA, OR THE GIPSY PROPHECY. It is calculated to place the author very high in the world of fiction. It is full also of a great variety of entertaining and instructive matter. The illustrations are very graphic, and most elaborately engraved. It contains more than any similar publication of the day.

Our Exposure of the Swill Milk Trade.

WE have not labored in vain; our words have not fallen upon heedless ears. The work which we have laid out for ourselves to do is going bravely on. The people of New York and Brooklyn are fairly aroused, by the aid of our pen and pencil pictures they begin to see into the enormous iniquity of the swill milk trade; they wonder that they have so long suffered it to exist, nay, to flourish. During the past week it has been the subject of serious and animated discussion in almost every house in the two cities, and the excitement has also spread into the country, for orders from all parts have been thronging in upon us, far beyond our ability to supply them. To tens of thousands our statements at first wore the semblance of fable or fanciful exaggeration, but presently the fact assumed a positive tangibility, and still the frightful truth and disgusting realities were reluctantly credited. Each one asked himself, "How could I be so supine as to sit quiet and never make an effort to cleanse this foul nest for humanity's sake, if not from personal motives?" To such an extent has this reflection been made, that we believe that tens of thousands would rush to join any movement that would tend at once, legally or otherwise, to suppress for ever this wholesale trade in liquid poison. That some such movement is necessary we boldly declare, for one of our employes, in a conversation with a prominent official and an ex-Recorder, stated it as his opinion that the city government should take the matter in hand and stop the trade. "They will not do it," said the learned official, "they dare not do it! Don't you know that every one of those cows has a vote?" This was said in perfect sincerity, and speaks the whole truth. Willingly the city governments of New York and Brooklyn will not move in the matter, and only an overwhelming demonstration of public opinion can effect anything in the premises. The people must speak out boldly and emphatically; they must dictate as it is their sovereign right to do, and there is no power constituted that will dare withstand their expressed will. Long and confirmed evils need a prompt and determined treatment. Half measures are of no avail, a change must be effected or the case is hopeless.

The cow stables must be abolished at once and for ever. How this is to be done and when is a matter for the reflection of the people, who for a long series of years have patiently suffered under the iniquitous trade, and offered up a holocaust of thousands of human souls at the shrine of the fell destroyer, the swill milk manufacturer. When they have been swept away, a law should be passed making it a penal offence to sell swill slops, or to purchase it for feeding cows or other purposes. Milkmen should be licensed, and the licence should be granted only upon positive evidence of a dairy of grass or hay fed cows. The business of the "companies," as many are ostentatiously called, should be strictly inquired into, and the large country depots, of many of which we have strong suspicions, should be rigidly inquired into.

Up to this time we have achieved, First, the rousing of the people of New York and Brooklyn to a thorough knowledge and appreciation of the filthy trade we have so successfully exposed;

Secondly, we have completely broken up several swill milk routes, and abolished at least some part of the traffic;

Thirdly, we have received a host of letters thanking us for our fearless exposure and encouraging us to persevere. We shall persevere, regardless of the heavy, the very heavy expenses our determination entails upon us. The sale of our paper, enormous as it has been, will not return us in profit one tithe of what we have expended and must continue to expend. We bear this expense unaided and most willingly, in the hope that our money, our time and our labor will not be thrown away, but will purchase for our fellow-citizens a future and glorious immunity from a terrible evil which has so long and fatally afflicted them. In this hope we will go on as we have commenced, until all these dens of remorseless cruelty and pestilence are revealed in all their monstrous depravity and broken up for ever.

Notice to Our Readers.

A SPECIMEN of the milk procured direct from Husted's Cow Stables in Brooklyn, by Frank Leslie, can be seen at Messrs. Hegeman & Co.'s, Druggists, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, who have kindly consented to exhibit it in order to aid the cause.

LITERATURE.

THE NEW YORK PULPIT IN THE REVIVAL OF 1858. A MEMORIAL VOLUME OF SERMONS. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. This is a well-timed and most acceptable volume, admirable in its contents, and valuable as a commemoration of one of the most remarkable periods of religious excitement within the memory of man. This memorial volume contains twenty-five sermons, all of them elegant specimens of the peculiar style of eloquence and thought of the distinguished clergymen from whom they emanated. It would be invidious to select any particular one where all are so valuable; we will, therefore, simply state that the following most eminent divines have contributed to the excellence of the work: James W. Alexander, D.D.; Rev. Rufus W. Clark; Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler; B. F. Cutler, D.D.; Ed-

Lathrop, D.D.; George W. Bethune, D.D.; George Potts, D.D.; Jos. B. Thompson, D.D.; John M. Krebs, D.D.; William Hoque, D.D.; Joel Parker, D.D.; William R. Williams, D.D.; M. S. Hutton, D.D.; W. J. Buddington, D.D.; H. S. Storey, Jr., D.D.; Thomas E. Vermilye, D.D.; John Kennedy, D.D.; Ed. T. Hiscok, D.D.; John M. Chittock, D.D.; Edwin F. Hatfield, D.D.; Asa D. Smith, D.D.; S. D. Barnard, D.D.; Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D.; Jesse I. Peck, D.D., and William Adams, D.D. The book should, and doubtless will, command a large sale. It is well brought out by Messrs. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

GLIMPSES OF JESUS; OR, CHRIST EXALTED IN THE AFFECTIONS OF HIS PEOPLE. By W. P. BALFOUR. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

This beautiful little volume has created a profound sensation in England, where it has met with an extraordinary sale. It is characterized by a spirit of deep and earnest devotion, and a feeling of beautiful human charity pervades every page and thought in the little volume. We commend this volume to the consideration of all. No one can read it without feeling the strength of its chastening influence. It is brought out in convenient form by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, OF LONDON. Fourth Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

The extraordinary popularity of the religious writings of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is an era in the literature of the Church. The three first volumes of the series, also published by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., have met with a vast reading public and with distinguished favor; and the present volume, in which marked traces of a maturing mind are evident, will add to the already widespread reputation of the distinguished and enthusiastic young divine. We can warmly recommend the entire series of Spurgeon's Sermons to all who delight in serious reading. This volume is brought out in uniform style with the preceding volumes by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

MUSIC.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We have received a circular from the Directors of this popular and excellent Society, addressed to the annual subscribers, on the subject of the delay and annoyance experienced by the visitors on the evening of the last concert. The Directors state:—"That the Society has, during the past season, had a lease of the Academy of Music from Sigismund Thalberg, Bernard E. Ullman and Maurice Strakosch, for the various days on which the concerts and rehearsals were given, and that the rent agreed upon for the nights of the concerts was \$625 for each night, which has been paid in full. On the evening of the 24th ultimo, and of the last concert of the present season, the doors of the Academy were kept closed against the Society until nearly half-past seven o'clock, contrary to the usual practice, and the public announcement that they would be open at seven o'clock P. M. Contrary, too, to the express stipulations in the lease, on the part of Messrs. Thalberg, Ullman and Strakosch, that on the day of the performances of the Society they should have exclusive control of the Academy. The inconvenience and positive injury occasioned by this unexpected delay, the greatly increased crowd which was gathered at the doors when they were finally opened, are not to be laid to the charge of any officer or member of the Society; the credit of the whole affair is solely and entirely due to the above named Bernard E. Ullman, who on the night in question, and at the usual time of opening the doors of the Academy for the Society's concerts, announced to the officers of the Philharmonic Society that the doors should not be opened until the rent for that evening (\$625) was paid in advance; and further, that he would not take a check for the amount (as was customary), but would require the money. As the rent never had been paid in advance, and the terms of the lease did not require it to be so paid, this demand was as unexpected as it was unjustifiable. Still the Society would willingly have complied with this unreasonable exaction rather than that their patrons should suffer the slightest inconvenience. But the very act of keeping the doors closed, contrary to all former usage, deprived the officers of the Society of the means of complying at that hour of the evening, with an unexpected demand for such a sum, and that too in money; for their treasurer, Mr. Walker, who had this amount with him for the purpose of paying it over in discharge of the rent, was at the doors of the Academy with his family at the usual hour of opening, but of course was prevented from entering in time to comply with the very remarkable request of Mr. Ullman. When the known ability and promptness of the Society to meet all its money engagements, and the fact that this demand had never been hinted at on any previous occasion, are taken into consideration, we must leave it to our members, patrons and the public to imagine the motive which could have impelled Mr. Ullman, acting for himself and Messrs. Thalberg and Strakosch, to such a course of conduct. The officers of the Society certainly are entirely free from all blame in this matter, and it is to show this to the public that the present statement is made."

This statement entirely exonerates the Philharmonic Society from all blame, and throws the explanation upon Mr. Ullman. It is very evident to all that Mr. Ullman is desirous to kill off all musical entertainments but those emanating from his bureau of management. Whatever success he may have with smaller affairs, the Philharmonic Society is altogether too strong for him. Its existence is based upon the high character it has maintained through many years; it has the sympathy of the public, and it is as much an institution of New York as the Astor Place Library.

Mr. Ullman's conduct seems to us very high-handed, a breach of contract and a breach of courtesy. Some explanation is due, and should be rendered.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF RONCONI.—The first appearance of this world-renowned artist attracted us to the theatre behind the Lafayette Hotel on Monday evening last. We hoped to find the house crowded to overflowing, to welcome the greatest buffo and the greatest tragedian on the Italian lyric stage. We regret to say that our expectations were not fulfilled, but the slim audience was most favorable and critical. To help us to our feet, the orchestra, nor the gushes of broad fun, nor the natural geniality which characterizes the whole of his personation. We have had a host of Dulcamaras, but the Dulcamara of Ronconi is the real and unadulterated character. He is the genuine buffo, without a particle of the buffon; he is never coarse nor vulgar, but we can laugh at him and with him without feeling ashamed. At first the audience seemed disappointed—they expected, we believe, to see a comic Richard the Third rush forward shouting for "a horse!" But in the second act Ronconi created a veritable triumph; everything he did was encoored amid shouts of laughter and torrents of applause, and he was called before the curtain to receive the plaudits he so richly deserved. This evening (Wednesday, 12th May) he appears in the "Barber." Go, good reader, if you wish to see the real genuine "Barber," and enjoy a hearty laugh and a pleasant time generally. Ronini is also one of Lagrange's most brilliant characters. By the way, if that exceedingly and funnily demonstrative Mr. Nicolai, the conductor, must thrash so loudly and incessantly with his stick, why don't he pound upon a drum, and be useful as well as ornamental? The only times that the orchestra performed well was when the conductor left them to themselves.

THE MUSARD CONCERTS.—These popular and pleasing concerts continue to be the only musical attraction of the city. The weather has proved excessively unpleasant—damp, indeed, upon every species of out-of-door amusement; but still the Academy has shown a fair array of fashion, beauty, and the lovers of music in general. The appearance of Carl Forster has proved a positive boon to the frequenters of these delightful concerts. Only Carl Forster could reconcile us to the loss of the inevitable Thalberg and unapproachable Viennese; but Forster's singing of the "Wanderer" and the "Bay of Biscay" would draw us out whatever the weather and whatever the distance, within reason. He is a superb singer, and adds life to the evening's entertainment. All our readers who have not yet visited Musard's Concerts (we hope that none of our city readers will acknowledge to the bad taste of having staid away), but those who have not, and those who have visited Musard, had better go to the Academy of Music as often as possible—for unlike "the poor," we shall not have Musard always amongst us.

ELOCUTION—THE ADAPTATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE TO A STUDY OF THE ART.—Mr. John Murray, a gentleman of this city, of rare taste and ability, will deliver the lecture on this subject, which has been so popular at the West, at the Mercantile Library on Wednesday evening next (May 19th), at 8 o'clock. It will be an interesting lecture, and should attract a large audience.

TROYE'S ORIENTAL PAINTINGS.—These interesting and beautiful paintings are now on exhibition at the Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway. They are rare works of art, and are well worthy of the inspection of our citizens, and the strangers now crowding the city. We can commend them warmly for public patronage.

HANSON CABS.—These cabs, so popular in London, are about to be introduced here. One is expected to arrive here this week. A company will be formed, a number of Hanson cabs will be made after the model, and we shall have clean and cheap travelling such as the Londoners enjoy.

PERSONAL.

MARRIED, on the 9th inst., at the residence of Mr. Edward Stephens, by the Right Rev. Archbishop Hughes, Don Fernin Ferrer, Ex-President of Nicaragua, to Miss Martha E. Winterbottom, daughter of the late John Winterbottom, Esq., of Ohio.

The ceremony was rendered even more imposing than usual, as the Bishop delivered a touching and eloquent address to the parties before pronouncing the nuptial benediction. The bride was given away by his Excellency Señor Ferrer, Minister Plenipotentiary from Nicaragua.

The bridegroom, independent of his high position and ability as a statesman, which have placed him among the leading men of his country, is a gentleman of great acquirements and fine literary tastes, which renders this union one of peculiar fitness. The bride is descended from the Rev. W. Winterbottom, author of the first History of America, and is the youngest sister of the illustrious author, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and thus comes of a family allied distinguished in the world of letters and for their high position in social life. Notwithstanding the company was confined to the connections of the family and a small party of distinguished Spanish and Central American, nothing could surpass the dress of the bride, both for beauty and richness. It was composed of delicate lace over white silk, ornamented with bouquets and garlands of white and orange blossoms. As might have been expected, from the well-known taste which characterizes the lady of the house, the rooms

were decorated with a profusion of flowers. The lace draperies were gathered back with clusters of carnations and white roses, fresh from the conservatory, and every table, vase and pedestal was crowned with fragrant blossoms. It is seldom that a wedding so select and elegant in all its appointments has taken place in our city.

DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—Such has been the brilliant success of "Blanche of Brandywine," that it has been played every night during the week to excellent and enthusiastic audiences. The great charm of the piece is the fair actress's Blanche, which is universally admired. It is not too much to say that she is the most artistic actress on the stage.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—It is an old saying that no man ever did or ever saw anything, however trifling, for the last time, but felt a species of melancholy—all of a sudden it assumed a phase in his eyes he had never noticed before—how much more so when we know that, in a few days, the Ravens will no more be seen in a city where, for twenty years, they have been, not a fashion, but an institution. We honestly avow that their present entertainments in our eyes are melancholy representations, since we know they are their last efforts to delight audiences which have, as it were, grown up in admiring them. It is, however, a duty as well as a pleasure to grace their farewell performances with overflowing demonstrations.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—That popular and handsome actress, Miss Susan Denin, has been playing some of her favorite parts at this admirably managed place of amusement during the week. Mr. Watkins supports her in his usual effective style. There is a romance attached to Miss Denin independent of her histrionic ability, which piques the public curiosity. In addition to the admirable dramatic entertainments in the lecture-room there are the thousand and one curiosities of the Museum. We don't, however, admire the taste that prompted the purchase of the stone found tied around the body of young Samuels, whose murderer, by the by, with those of Vincent and Mr. Burdell, are still at large. We are afraid that coroners' inquests, if continued beyond one sitting, give the criminals time to escape.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—"The Love Knot," "Spring and Autumn," and some lively farces have been the amusements here during the past week. In a few days Mr. Bourcault's grand drama of "The Mormons" will be produced in most extraordinary style, even surpassing that of "Jessie Brown." Let us hope it won't set the fashion of polygamy—already, we are afraid, too common in the fashionable city of Gotham.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS.—We have little, indeed nothing, new to say of this favorite resort of fun, wit and song. The two Georges, Holland and Christy, still take their sleigh-ride, without a particle of snow on the ground, and have as much fun as though they were well snowballed all the way. When the public think fit, Manager Wood has plenty of novelties all ready.

CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. FRIER, the Chess Editor.

CHESS CONGRESS PICTURE.—The picture of the principal players in the late Chess Congress will be ready for delivery by the time this paragraph meets the eye of the reader. It embraces portraits of the following players, viz., Morphy, Paulsen, Lichtenhein, Raphael, Meek, Stanley, Ferrin, Mead, Thompson, Kennicott, Ellis n., Montgomery (Philadelphia), Marache, Fuller, Pike, Hammond (Boston), Colthrop, Julien, Knott and Friere. Players throughout the United States, who would like to secure early and fine impressions may do so by remitting five dollars to us personally (T. Friere, box 2,495, New York Post Office), and we will see that the plate is properly put up and forwarded. Every Chess Club and amateur in the country should possess this most interesting Chess picture. Morphy, Paulsen and Judge Meek are seated at the Chess table, while the other players are grouped around, looking on.

A VISITOR.—Matthew Wilson, Esq., of New Bedford, Mass., has paid our city a flying visit. During his stay he met, over the board, successfully, some of our finest players.

THE NEW YORK CHESS CLUB.—This club being "moved and settled," holds its meetings every evening at the St. Denis Hotel, corner of Broadway and Eleventh street; entrance to the Chess rooms on Broadway.

THE BROOKLYN CHESS CLUB.—This club meets every afternoon and evening at the Atlantic Rooms, No. 130 Atlantic street, corner of Henry.

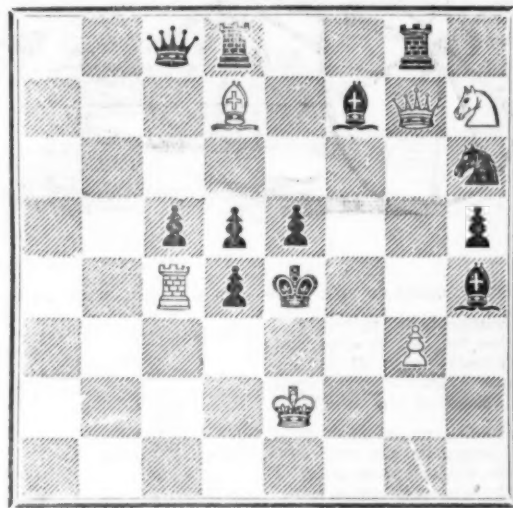
STILL ANOTHER.—A Chess club, consisting of about twenty-five members, has been formed at Hastings, Minn. W. S. Allison, Esq., President; A. J. Van Duser, Secretary.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—J. W. Shaw, Montreal; J. A. P., Salem; J. W. Odlin Concord, N. H.; W. O. F., Syracuse; Hiram Kennicott, West Wheeling, Ill.; A. J. Van Duser, Secretary Hastings Chess Club, Minn.; J. Q. P., N. Y.; J. C. Boyce, Bangor, Me.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.—Received correct solutions from the following correspondents, viz., Dr. C. C. M. Winona, Minn.; E. A. B. Charleston, S. C. (Have you received a letter from J. J. A. Van Duser, Secretary Hastings Chess Club; B. C. H., Hastings Chess Club; E. H. C., N. Y.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. C. R., N. Y. Problem defective; R anywhere on B file White B mates.—J. R. Henry, Cincinnati, Ohio. B-ing limited to a single column, it is impossible for us to give elementary instruction in the game. Send ninety-three cents in postage stamps to us, and we will forward you our "Chess Hand-Book," postage paid, which will give you all necessary instructions for at least two years to come.—Dr. C. C. M. Press of business prevents our answering you fully this week; shall endeavor to accomplish it by next issue.—Dr. R., Philadelphia. You are quite right in your last analysis, the completeness of which is deserving of a high compliment to your sagacity. To SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—Stauntou's Handbook will be forwarded to you as soon as possible.

PROBLEM CXXVII.—By A. J. HAMILTON, Kewanee, Ill.—White to play, and checkmate in four moves.



PROBLEM CXXVIII.—By J. E. W., Philadelphia.

POSITION OF THE PIECES.

WHITE.—B at K B 5; R at K B 8; Q at Q 3; K at K Kt 8.
BLACK.—Pawns at Q 5 and K Kt 2; Kt at K Kt sq and K Kt 5; B at Q 2; R at Q B 7 and K R 5; Q at K Kt 3; K at K sq.
White to play and checkmate in three moves.

GAME CXXVII.—(ALLAIBRE GAMBIT.)—Between HIRAM KENNICOTT, Esq., and Mr. OLMSTEAD, of the Chicago Chess Club.

(Remove Black Queen's Knight from the board.)

WHITE. Mr. K.	BLACK. Mr. O.	WHITE. Mr. K.	BLACK. Mr. O.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	15 Q R to K B sq	B tks B (ch)
2 P to K B 4	P tks P	16 K tks B	Q to Kt 4 (ch)
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	17 Kt interposes	R to B 3
4 P to K R 4	P to Kt 5	18 B tks B	P tks B
5 Kt to K 5	P to R 4	19 K to Q 3	Kt to Kt 5
6 B to Q B 4	Kt to R 3	20 Q to R 3	P to K 4 (a)
7 P to Q 4	P to Q 3	21 Kt to K 6	Q to K 2
8 Kt to Q 3	P to K B 6	22 P to Q 5	Kt to Q R 3
9 P tks P	B to K 2	23 Q tks Kt	P tks Q
10 B to K 3	B tks P (ch)	24 R tks R (ch)	K to Q 2
11 K to Q 2	P tks P	25 R tks R	Kt to B 4 (ch)
12 Q tks P	B to K Kt 5	26 Kt tks Kt	P tks Kt
13 Q to K B 4	Q to B 3	27 R to K B 8 and wins.	
14 Q to K R 2	B to K 4		

(a) Q to her Kt 5 (ch) may have been stronger.

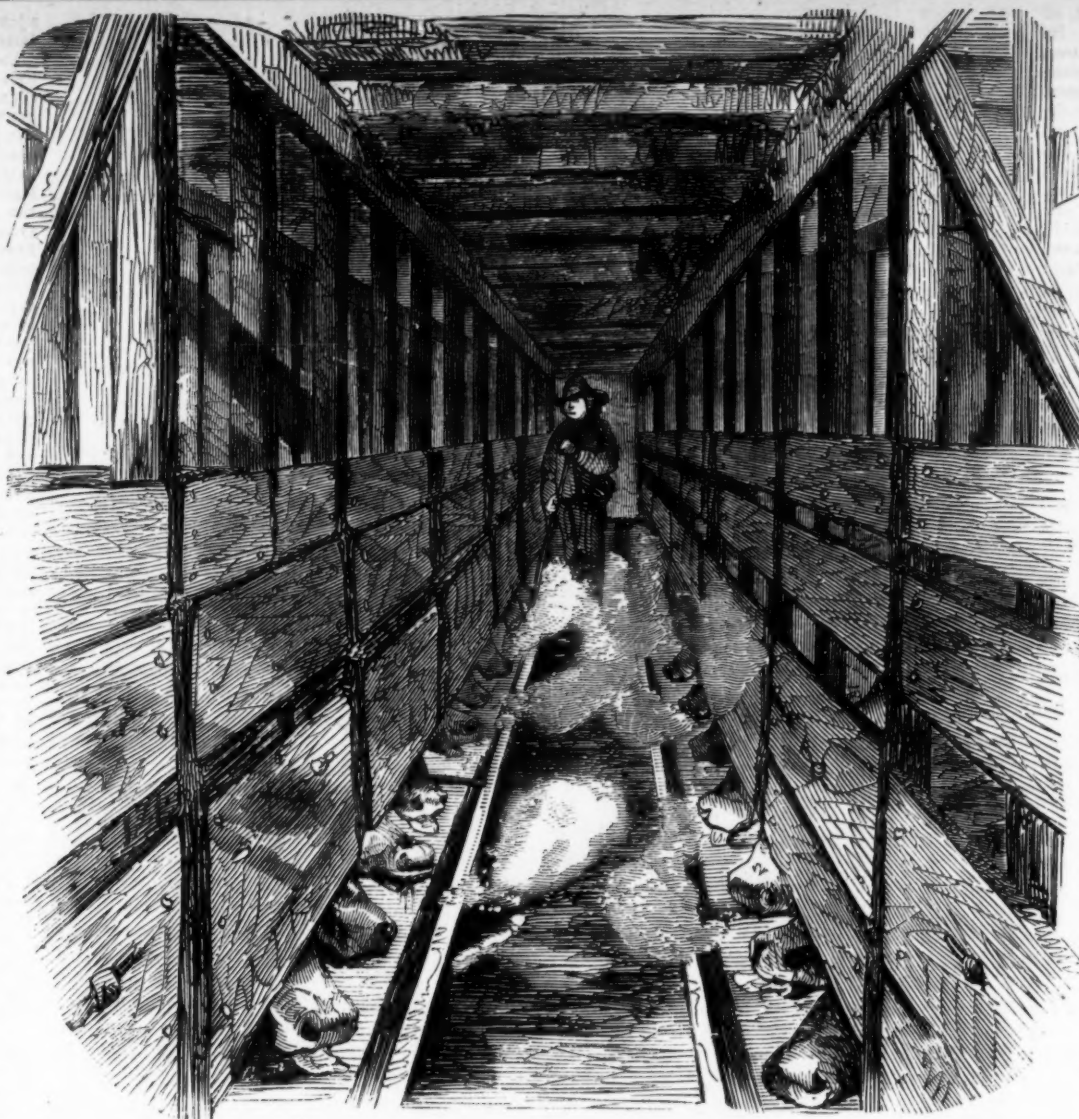
(Game CXXVIII. and solutions in our next.)

THE SWILL MILK EXPOSURE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

Our page cut represents the country distillery sloop department of Husted's distillery, on Skillman street, Brooklyn. A vast number of wagons, each carrying two large barrels to contain the swill-slops, are to be seen all day long in this place, awaiting their turn for a supply of the swill from the two huge reservoirs which contain the filthy liquid. There are five taps to these tanks, consequently five barrels receive their country cow beverage at once. The men attending these "taps" are kept busy most of the time, but more especially about four p.m., when a busy scene of excitement prevails, and the swill yard is crowded with expectant wagons. These respectable vehicles convey vast quantities of swill-slops to various small cow stables for miles round the city of Brooklyn, so that carts which really do not come from the swill stables in Skillman street still bring the swill milk from the surrounding districts. The number of these wagons may be imagined when we state that sometimes not only the distillery swill yard, but the whole of the neighboring Skillman street is filled with them. Their appearance is disgusting in the extreme. They literally reek with swill, and carry with them a filthy odor through the whole distance of their route.

We visited this place and travelled two or three miles in the vicinity. During our pilgrimage we passed twenty or thirty of these swill-wagons on their way out of town, and observed that not one of these wagons had a name on it. There is an ordinance existing (but not in force, of course) in Brooklyn which compels the owners of these wagons to have their names painted legibly upon them, in a prominent place. Ashamed to be known in this dirty and stinking business, the names



VIEW OF THE FEEDING TROUGHS OF THE COWS INTO WHICH THE BOILING SWILL-SLOP IS POURED. 16TH STREET STABLES, N. Y.

of about three feet. To effect a recumbent position, the cows back out to the extent of their tether, literally lying one upon the other in a mass of filth too disgusting to contemplate. The poor patient wretch is condemned by man, lordly man, to swill poison, and brutally denied sufficient space to rest its weary and diseased body, tottering limbs and sloughed hoofs. Such horrible sights should no longer be allowed to exist in our midst. Humanity shudders at the fiendish cruelty.

The portrait of the cow on page 384 was sketched from life, in the Sixteenth street stables, on the North River end. This poor animal was covered with running ulcers, and was altogether a sight too disgusting, and yet pitiable to behold. Reflect, citizens, consumers of milk—ponder on the fact that this wretchedly diseased animal is regularly milked day by day, and the milk dispensed perhaps to your own homes! Shall this pest-house be allowed to remain?

The milk wagons on page 380 were sketched in the swill stables; one in Sixteenth and the other in Thirty-ninth street. They are gorgeous in gold and blue and red paint. The names and signs upon these carts are just as represented in our cut. The inscriptions on these splendid vehicles, and the localities in which they were sketched, tell a tale of fraud and lying that needs no comment. Are not these men amenable to the laws? Are they not within the reach of some statute? or can men lie and cheat and sell unbelleled poison, and still be free from prosecution and punishment! We shall see before our work is ended.

Milking a Dying Cow.

Our front page cut represents one of the most revolting facts connected with the swill milk business. We have stated that cows are milked so long as they can stand, and when they can no longer stand alone they are either held up by men or by mechanical

means, milked and carted off to the butcher or the offal contractor. The mode of supporting the dying cow for milking purposes, as represented in our cut, is a method used in some of the stables. The following description, which we take from a work published by Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, written by John Mullaly, is an accurate account of the horrible practice:

"The treatment to which the poor animals are subjected is so severe that they often sink under it. When they become diseased,



TWO SPECIMENS OF MILK WAGONS, IN THE 16TH AND 39TH STREET COW-STABLES

are withheld, the authority of the law laughed to scorn, and the rascals escape all punishment. What a comment upon the officials of our cities!

The first engraving on page 377 represents the swill cow stable establishment attached to the Sixteenth street distillery. The front is on Tenth avenue, the rear on the North River. With much judgment the distillery is disconnected from the cow stables, the former being situated behind a row of houses facing the cow stables on Tenth avenue. When we visited the place we innocently inquired where the cow stables connected with the distillery were to be found. We were told that we were on the spot, and upon examining into the matter, found that the swill slop was supplied to the cow stables by the distilleries, by means of conduits laid under the streets rushing from one to the other. A grog-guy is seen on the left of the picture, where about noon may be seen a congregation of "swill milkmaids," in all their filth, taking "swill" in another but hardly less fatal form. This exterior view presents to



SKETCH OF THE MODEL "MILKMAIDS" AT THE COW-STABLES CONNECTED WITH HUSTED'S DISTILLERY.



COW STABLE WIT. "HOT COFFEE AND CAKES," A DAINTY EATING-HOUSE IN THE COW STABLES IN 16TH STREET.

as not unfrequently happens, they are milked up to within one or two days of their death; and when no longer able to stand, they are held up until the process is performed. A friend who was an eye-witness to a case of this kind, informed us that when every means had been tried to make the cow stand, and when kicks and blows proved ineffectual for the purpose, two men sustained while the third milked her. When their support was removed, she fell to the ground, where she lay till death put a period to her suffering. The milk thus obtained must be infected

with the disease of the animal, and, of course, is most deleterious to health. Its fatal effect upon children may be seen in the terrible mortality among the infant population of the city, who subsist almost exclusively upon milk."

Hot Coffee and Cakes.

Our cut with this caption on page 380 gives positive evidence that even amid the ceaseless labor of their disgusting occupation, the model "milkmaids" enjoy their little joke. The "milkmaid" in our cut, which is an actual and faithful sketch taken in the Sixteenth street stables, contemplates the possibility of coffee and cakes even while using his wooden rake in hauling the manure. Use is second cow-stable nature.

The "Milkmaids."

The cut on page 380 shows the character of the employees connected with the cow-stables round Husted & Wilson's distilleries. How sweet the milk which passes literally through their hands!

The Attack upon our Artist.

Our cut upon the last page illustrates the attack upon our artist, which we fully described in our last issue. It is one of the many gross outrages committed by the infamous men who throng these cow-stables, in the vain hope to hide their iniquities from the world.

THE HON. WM. H. ENGLISH.

We this week present an admirable portrait of one, who, like Byron, the day after the publication of his Child Harold, awoke and found himself famous, for few public men have been so suddenly called into celebrity as the author of the Kansas Resolutions for solving the gordian knot of the Le-compton tangle. Mr. English has shown, throughout that apparently hopeless attempt to reconcile opposing interests, such considerable tact, that we have no doubt he will retain the prominent position he has so suddenly acquired. We regret that the particulars of his life have been so carefully hidden from the public eye, that we have barely to record he is about forty-two years old, and is the U. S. Representative for Indiana. His style of oratory is very pleasing, and his manners are peculiarly winning. Indeed, he has given ample proof of his abilities for reconciling the hostile, in his late capacity of Chairman of the Conference Committee. Mr. Buchanan is particularly indebted to him for the peaceful settlement of a question which at one time threatened to be at once protracted and difficult.

MR. J. S. RAREY, THE AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER.

We present to-day the portrait of a gentleman who has taken the equestrian portion of the English people by storm—we mean Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer, whose extraordinary success in taming or rather in changing the nature of animals, who had till then been considered perfectly incurable, has, for the last six months, awakened the wonder and, we dare say, the incredulity of the world. Mr. Rarey stands thus distinct from the necromancers of the past and the wizards of the present age—there being no collision between him and the objects of his skill. Horses which have resisted for years every method of taming have, in half an hour, become as amenable to command as a lady's palfrey. His latest triumph has been that over the famous Cruiser, a stallion belonging to the Earl of Colchester, who had for years considered him as the most untameable and dangerous brute living. Indeed, it had been in contemplation to destroy it, as one of the incurables. The horse was invariably muzzled and inveigled into a sort of strong cradle before it was combed, which was effected by its groom affixing a curry-comb to a very long handle. In this muzzled and harmless condition, this hitherto unconquerable animal was introduced to Mr. Rarey; the grooms then retired, leaving the horse-tamer alone with his victim. In half an hour or less he brought the terrible Cruiser in as tame as a lamb, without his muzzle, and so subdued that he allowed him to beat a drum in his ears, ride him (the first time he had ever been mounted), and, in short, Cruiser was as quiet a creature as ever allowed a dozen children to climb its back. What renders the matter more astonishing, those who have been let into Mr. Rarey's secret declare that he uses neither whip, spur or bridle; he abjures all physical appliances, depending entirely upon his peculiar system, which has been communicated to Lord Palmerston, Dorchester, and many of the most prominent men of England upon the payment of a certain sum; their approbation is unqualified. So far as the public is concerned, it is a great discovery, since next to civilizing men we hold the breaking-in of that useful creature the horse as the most important.



VICIOUS HORSE BEFORE BEING INTRODUCED TO MR. RAREY.



HON. WM. H. ENGLISH, CHAIRMAN OF THE KANSAS CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITEHURST.

MR. GRUMPY "MOVES."

No man can describe a shipwreck so well as a survivor of the scene. No man can relate the terrible circumstances of an earthquake with the earnest truthfulness of some frightened spectator, who not only witnessed the events, but who perhaps escaped only by the skin of his teeth from the demolishing embrace of a suddenly closed chasm. No one in the world can give a listener so good an idea of a battle as a damaged old veteran who lost an arm or a jaw-bone, or some



MR. RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.

other cherished personal property, in the action; and no person in the wide, wide world is qualified to write down the due particulars of that annual domestic catastrophe denominated "Moving," but one who has just emerged from the perils thereof, and can show his recent wounds.

THAT MAN AM I.

My household has been broken up, my treasures scattered, my raiment disordered, and my body given over, for six days and nights, to the dirty mercies of Irish ladies and gentlemen, who have bullied me into that state that I wouldn't swear positively to my own identity without making explicit reservations for safety in case of mistakes. For six long days my dinner has been the cold, cold ham and the cold, cold beans; and for six long nights my bed has been the cold, cold floor, with some mitigating circumstances in the way of old bits of carpet.

The moving fever is a metropolitan epidemic, to which other contagions are as mother's milk to aquafortis. Small-pox and maladies of a similar kindly and manageable nature, the patient can have but once, but the moving disease returns yearly with increased strength and vigor. The woman who two years ago was rejoiced to move only half-a-dozen blocks, and was satisfied last year with a mile or so, will not rest content this present season with anything less than

a journey to Brooklyn, or an emigration to Jersey city or some other city of Jersey.

The disease was communicated to my part of the town by cartmen who were engaged in transporting the effects of patients who were far gone with the ailment from the infected districts to healthier localities. There is something catching in a cart, and the amount of contagion that is communicated by a furniture van defies computation. In my house symptoms speedily declared themselves. Reasoning was all in vain. All considerations of comfort, convenience and economy I pleaded without effect, and on the fourth day the virulence of the attack was demonstrated beyond a doubt. When I came home on that fatal night the parlor carpet was undergoing unmerited castigation in an adjacent vacant lot, and people were using the dining-table as a step-ladder. Then commenced the cold ham era. Quantities of hams had been secretly procured and surreptitiously boiled, and on those hams was I to feed, for in those days could nothing be cooked. Whenever any person of the Grumpy House was hungry, that person at once possessed himself of a carving-knife, and straight proceeded to the first thing he could find in the way of a box with a cover to it, and therein would he find a ham. Every closet, bread-box, meat-safe and wash-boiler was full of hams, and there would have been hams in the tea-kettles had the cover holes been larger or had they been able to procure hams of an appropriate size. But one other article of food is considered necessary in the hurly-burly of moving to sustain and support human life. Coffee is provided in unlimited quantities. Every water-tight utensil in the kitchen that is not pre-empted by hams is full of coffee. A man might take a coffee-bath if he chose, and then wipe himself dry on hams afterwards.

Then the sleeping arrangements are a feature. The bedsteads are dislocated days in advance of the actual fitting; the mattresses are stacked in huge heaps in inconvenient places, as if they were to be burned in bonfires at the first favorable opportunity, and the bed-clothes—well, what becomes of the bedclothes is only known to the "women folks," for the men are expected to sleep in their walking dress, including boots and overcoat, during the whole of the moving paroxysm.

Why it is considered necessary to tear up things in your own house four days before the family move out of the house you are going to move into, I cannot see, but so it is. Let a man come home at what time of day he will, he is sure to find all the females of his household taking a peripatetic soap-suds bath—walking about the house in most slovenly attire, dragging their clothes through the dirty water that has been carefully and conscientiously distributed throughout the entire mansion; they generally have old brooms, or brushes, or dripping rags in their hands, and they make a miserable pretence of washing or cleaning something; they are aided and abetted in this nefarious proceeding generally by two or three Irishwomen, who are so wet and "sozly," that they make a man who has the heart to be miserably poetical in the midst of all this confusion, think of so many Celtic Venuses just emerged from a sea of unspeakable nastiness, and come in-doors to dry.

Confusion, Celticism, dampness, and petty but intense misery, are the characteristics of every household during the upripping convulsions of the 1st of May; but despite this general similarity, every house preserves its individuality, and the idiosyncrasies of its members are discernible through all the apparent chaos. I have made a curious discovery concerning the tastes of the two ladies of my small and compact family, of whom I desire to speak only in terms of the most respectful deference. I hereby publicly beg their dual pardons, and assert that I am sorry for what I am going to say, and that I wish I hadn't said it. With this ample apology, I proceed to state that their strong point is—BOTTLES. The quantities of bottles that these industrious women have hoarded up pass all human belief. The revelations of unexpected stores of bottles have amazed me. In every closet, on every shelf, in every old box, trunk, barrel, bandbox, or worn-out coal-scuttle; under the cellar stairs, and over the attic ceiling; behind the meat safe, the refrigerator, and every fire-board, were piles on piles of bottles. Not rum-bottles, not beer-bottles exclusively; not porter-bottles altogether; but bottles of every conceivable shape, size, color, pattern and fashion, from the huge high-shouldered pickle-bottle to the half-inch, quill-diametered vial for infinitesimal homoeopathic pills. Blacking-bottles, camphor-bottles, cologne-bottles, beer-bottles, soda-bottles, sarsaparilla-bottles, laudanum-bottles, "Invigorator"-bottles, "Recuperator"-bottles, "Regulator"-bottles, "Relief"-bottles, ink-bottles, hair-oil-bottles, and more other bottles than I could enumerate in whole days devoted to nothing else, were stored away in piles. Why they were so preserved was, and still is, a mystery. They were not of the slightest earthly use, they could not be sold for anything, and yet they would all have been removed to the new domicile, had I not interfered with bricks and other arguments, till there was not a bottle fragment big enough for a spectacle-glass.

On the dread day of transportation I deserted the old domicile,



VICIOUS HORSE AFTER HAVING BEEN INTRODUCED TO MR. RAREY.

trusting to the drymen to load the chattels, and went to the new domicile, there to receive and bestow the said chattels on their arrival. Two women had preceded me and were "cleaning," which is a kitchen phrase meaning soap-sudsing the house from top to bottom, as if it had been dipped into the river and then set out in a shower of yellow soap.

I reached the new domicile in advance of the male who conducted the cart, and at once proceeded to the top of the house to enjoy the view. I was summoned hence by a telegraphic despatch from the kitchen informing me that the range had burst. I descended and found that complicated piece of machinery suffused in a profuse perspiration of water and ashes.

A man was sent for, who said the "water-back" had burst, and he prescribed a new "water-back" and some more pipes and a very expensive series of general repairs—so I set him at it. Then came a message from the upper regions stating that the gas-pipes were leaky. Another plumber was sent for, who said he could put in new ones—so I set him at it. Then the cesspool wasn't big enough, so I set men at that; then a great amount of painting had to be done, and I set men at that; then shelving had to be put up, and other carpenter's work done, and I set men at that; then it was discovered that the last tenants had carried off all the keys of the doors, so a locksmith had to be sent for to make new ones; and such is the nature of woman that all these things must perforce be done at once—and they were.

When the men arrived with the first load of traps, of course they had broken every breakable thing. And they always do, as every housekeeper knows. The whole expense of the transit is about two-thirds the value of the articles moved, to say nothing of the wear and tear of temper. The mechanics you hire to do things never complete them when they promise; the carpets you order never come till a week after you expect; your hired girls fall sick just in the thick of the hard work; and everything goes wrong. When I state that I have been interrupted eleven times during the writing of these few words, I shall gain, I hope, the kind consideration of the reader. I write on a barrel-head, and I am seated on a bottom-up washtub—my ink is in a saucer, they are whitewashing the room I write in and nailing down carpets overhead. In the distance I spy the last load approaching. Gracious Heavens! it is bottles—nothing but bottles as I live. Another hidden store of Mrs. Grumpy's has been discovered. I despair, and I shall take refuge in beer.

THE CONSPIRACY; OR, DEAD-NOT BURIED.

I WAS reduced to a skeleton by long illness, so that those who knew me a few months before could not now have known me had they not been apprised of whom I was. There I lay like an almost inanimate mass of humanity. I expected the doctor every minute—he did not come. I became impatient, like a child that has been promised a new toy, and finds it withheld from him on account of some new trespass.

"Why did he say he would come at two o'clock, and now it is past three, and he not here?"

"He has no doubt been prevented from coming by some business or other," said my wife.

"Oh, you can bear it patiently," said I, "because you are in no suspense." She made some deprecating answer, when a knock at the door announced either the doctor or a visitor. I had been married only two years, and I was now laid up by a slow, wasting disorder, contracted Heaven knows how. From robust health I had suddenly fallen a slave to a disorder my attendants knew not how to name or to treat.

I had been married but two years, as I before said—had married a beautiful Italian lady, who, though certainly without fortune (it having been taken from her family during the war), left her friends and her country, willing to reside with her husband in the land of his birth. There was one thing that annoyed me much, and that was the appearance of a tall, strapping Italian cousin of hers, one whom I had never seen in that country, who walks in and enjoys his life-a-life with my wife. I hardly understand them, being but an indifferent Italian myself. This is a joke I cannot enjoy.

I have no reason to doubt the fidelity of my wife; indeed, she was attentive in the extreme, and pleasure beamed in her fine countenance when I appeared to be better; but this cousin, he always present, like the visionary daggers in Macbeth.

He was civil and obliging, and I had no fault to find with him. This indeed was the more provoking, as I could only swallow my dislike without any gratification. He certainly did look rather oddly at my wife, and watch her. I notice d once or twice she appeared to wince from his gaze, but she complained not, and consequently I had no ground of offence.

"It is the doctor, my dear," said my wife, opening the door.

"Well, I am glad he has come at last," said I, pettishly.

"Will you see him?"

"Certainly. What on earth do you imagine he comes for, that I should not see him?" retorted I.

"I thought you felt too displeased to see him, for having disappointed you."

"Better late than never," said I; "so pray show him in."

In the doctor came, and like all doctors, he brought with him a grave, formal face, with a great deal of bland civility and polite behavior.

He inquired how I was; I informed him in a few words; he felt my pulse, and looked at my tongue, as if that had not already spoken plain enough.

"Well, doctor, said I, "what do you think of the symptoms?"

He shook his head and said,

"How old are you, sir?"

"How old am I?" thought I to myself. "What has my age to do with it?"

I am but a young man yet, at all events."

"I am fifty-five," I replied.

He shook his head again.

"I beg, sir, you'll be explicit with me," said I. "I have no vain fears of death, nor have I any curiosity about me; but I have business to settle, should your answer be unfavorable."

"Well," said he, slowly, "I think you had better settle it soon."

"Then you think there is no hope for me?" said I. "Very well; heaven's will be done!"

"Amen!" said the doctor.

"What is the probable duration of my life?" I inquired of him.

"Probably four-and-twenty hours. I can't say exactly."

"Very well," said I; "I have no time to lose, and the sooner I set about business the better, else I may not see its completion."

With that he arose, civilly bade me adieu, and left the apartment.

I immediately summoned my wife, and informed her of my state, at which she was almost choked with grief. She appeared truly disconsolate. I endeavored to cheer her as well as I was able, but I found her sorrow infectious, and shed tears at my own misfortunes—a very absurd thing for an old soldier.

I know not how it happened, but it is the fact. I then said,

"My dear, it is no use grieving. Unless I make some provision for you, my scapegrace nephew will take all my possessions. Pray send for Mr. Docket, I wish to see him."

Here an uncontrolled burst of affection prevented her from answering me; but she left the room to execute my request.

In due time I saw Mr. Docket, who came ready prepared for his office. I then directed to him my will, by which I bequeathed to my wife all that I had, the Italian coming in at the time was a witness of the transaction, and thus made it legal. They all left the room as soon as it was finished, upon my intimating I felt a desire to sleep.

I slept some time, and was awakened by a strange feeling coming over me, as if I were numbed. I endeavored to call, but no voice refused to sound; my tongue and jaws I could not move, nor a limb could I lift from the bed. I was perfectly motionless—I had lost all volition.

Believing this to be the approach of death, I commended my spirit to my Maker, and awaited the approach of the grim tyrant with resignation and tranquillity.

I waited some time in this state and found it quite insupportable, but I could neither turn to the right hand nor the left—I could not change my position for a moment's ease, neither could I shut my eyes. This was a truly distressing state—my breath seemed to cease and my pulsation seemed stopped.

Soon after my wife entered the room; she came up to the bed, and, after looking at me, put her hand on my heart, then fetched a looking-glass, and, having carefully wiped it, placed it on my mouth. She took it up again, and, having examined it, said,

"He is dead!"

She then replaced the glass and left the room.

No words can paint my astonishment at this behavior. Instead of my wife flinging herself upon my body in a burst of affectionate grief, and tearing her hair, and being inconsolable for my apparent death, the first thing she did was to make sure of it and merely notice the fact, and then betake herself to more comfortable quarters.

If any act was capable of breaking the charm of my trance, this would. I strove to move; I felt as if my very sinews would burst with my efforts. My very brain was on fire with anger, but I stirred not.

But this was not all I was compelled to endure, nor near all. Presently my door opened, and in walked my wife and the Italian cousin. My blood, if I had any at such a moment, boiled, or I felt as if it did. They both walked up to my bed; the cousin looked at me, and said to my wife,

"Ah, he is gone, sure enough. Did he leave you his will?"

"Oh, yes," she replied.

With that huge moustache he pressed against her lips and kissed her, putting his arm round her waist at the same time.

Now I wished for the use of my limbs to kick this precious pair out of the window.

"Pray, Giuseppe, put his eyelids together! He looks so dreadful!" said my kind widow; "I can't bear to look at him."

"You ought not, indeed," thought I.

The abominable Giuseppe approached my bed and quietly pressed down my eyelids. I was now in utter darkness. I could not see, my eyes were closed against the world and I had not the power to open them.

"Where is the will?" said Giuseppe. "I am impatient to see it."

"Here it is, dear Giuseppe," said my wife. "I hope he has left us enough to enable us to settle in our own country."

"I'd settle you in a much warmer latitude if I had the power!" I mentally exclaimed.

The will was produced and they read it over, making remarks upon the different parts of it, and they agreed that they should wait till the funeral was over, ere they sold everything to convert it into cash.

"Shall I order in the undertaker to measure him?" inquired Giuseppe.

"Do," said she.

"You'll be back soon? I'll order the spare bed for you."

"Oh, yes; in about an hour," he replied.

The undertaker shortly came and measured me, and the next morning I was deposited in my shell.

Things went on in this manner until the day of my funeral, when my friends were all assembled, and one by one came and took a last farewell, my wife standing by in the meantime with every mark of decent grief. Among the rest who came was my nephew. I felt his hand tremble as he passed it over my face, and he said, with some emotion,

"Alas! poor uncle, your life has been suddenly cut short, indeed!"

He then left the chamber in company with the rest. This was nearly the only kind expression I heard passed over me, and this was from a quarter I little expected.

"Alas! Jack," thought I, "I have done you much injustice; if ever I recover from this strait I'll make this amend."

But Heaven help me, how was I to do it? Here I was on the verge of being buried alive, and my death rejoiced at by the very person whom I expected would most mourn for me, and who was at that moment standing by me holding the coffin lid open and regarding me with the semblance of grief.

Presently, after they had all left the house, Giuseppe entered.

"All works well," said he.

"It does so," she replied.

"I knew the efficacy of those powders too well to doubt the end."

"Yes; but they were longer in doing their work than you expected," she said.

"That was because his constitution was stronger than I imagined," replied the villain.

"Possibly; but how did you first obtain them?" inquired my wife.

"From a Spanish monk, who told me the use of them on his deathbed and begged I would destroy them. I promised I would comply with his request, but I kept them for use."

"Did you ever try them before?"

"Yes, twice; but though each individual died, I was baulked of my prize, and this has been the only successful instance. It is fortunate it has succeeded, for he had taken the last of them. Next week I'll give instructions for the sale of all the effects."

"I care not how soon I return to my country, Giuseppe."

They left the room and went down stairs to enjoy themselves, as I suppose, for I heard the sound of glasses and merriment.

So, then, I had been suffering from a slow poison, administered by my very loving wife, and at the instigation of this villain. I burst into a profuse sweat, and thus ended my trance. I sat upright, and presently stepped out of my coffin. There was a cordial standing by. I swallowed it; and though I was weak in the extreme, it renovated my courage and strength. I seized the peker and stole softly down stairs. I heard them laugh and joke at my expense. The door was ajar, and I cautiously stole in. It was a minute or more ere they were aware of my presence. They both started up, the very pictures of horror and despair.

My wife fell senseless; Giuseppe staggered like a man smitten with a palsy; but he never for the door and was soon gone. I rang for the servants; who, hearing the noise, came in a body; but it was some time ere I could persuade them that I was real flesh and blood.

Upon raising up my wife I found she was dead. The effect was such that she ruptured a blood-vessel. These occurrences are now eight years old, and my nephew is now my heir—we understand each other better.

DAVENPORT DUNN:

A MAN OF OUR DAY.

By Charles Lever.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A COUNTRY VISIT.

LET us now return to the Hermitage, and the quiet lives of those who dwell there.

Sybella Kellett had been domesticated there about two months, and between Lady Augusta and herself there had grown a sort of intimacy—short, indeed, of friendship, but in which each recognised good qualities in the other. Had Miss Kellett been older, less good-looking, less graceful in manner, or generally less attractive, it is just possible that—we say it with all doubt and deference—Lady Augusta might have been equally disposed to feel satisfied. She suspected "Mr. Dunn must have mistaken the object of her note," or, "overlooked the requirements they sought for." "Personal attractions were not amongst the essentials she had mentioned." My "lord," too, was amazed at his recommending a "mere girl"—she couldn't be more than "twenty"—and, consequently, "totally deficient in the class of knowledge he desired."

Two months—no very long period—however, sufficed to show both father and daughter that they had been, to some extent, mistaken. Not only had she addressed herself to the task of an immense correspondence, but she had drawn out reports, arranged prospectuses, and entered into most complicated financial details with a degree of clearness that elicited marked compliment from the different bodies with whom this intercourse was maintained. The Glengariff Joint Stock Company, with its half million capital, figured largely in the public journals. Landscapes of the place appeared in the various illustrated papers, and cleverly written magazine articles drew attention to a scheme that promised to make Ireland a favored portion of the empire. Her interest once excited, Sybella Kellett's zeal was untiring.

Thus fed and fostered by her hopes, her imagination knew no bounds, and the day seemed too short for the duties it exacted. Even Lady Augusta could not avoid catching some of the enthusiasm that animated her, only restraining her expectations, however, by the cautious remark, "I wonder what Mr. Dunn will say? I am curious to hear how he will pronounce upon it all."

The day at last came when this fact was to be ascertained, and the post brought the brief but interesting intelligence that Mr. Davenport Dunn would reach the Hermitage for dinner.

Lord Glengariff would have felt excessively offended could any one have supposed him anxious or uneasy on the score of Dunn's coming. That a great personage like himself should be compelled occasionally in life to descend to the agencies of such people was bad enough, but that he should have any misgivings about his co-operation or assistance, was really intolerable; and yet, we blush to confess, these were precisely the thoughts which troubled his lordship throughout the whole of that long day.

Let us take a passing glance at Lady Augusta. And why, may we ask, has she taken such pains about her toilet to-day? Not that her dress is unusually rich or costly, but she has evidently made a study of the "becoming," and looks positively hand-some.

And Sybella? Pale and melancholy, and in mourning, she, too, has caught up a sense of pleasure at the coming visit, and a faint line of color tinges her white cheek. She is very glad that Mr. Dunn is expected. She has to thank him for many kindnesses; his prompt replies to her letters; his good nature to poor Jack, for whom he has repeatedly written to the Horse Guards; not to speak of the words of encouragement and hope he has addressed to herself.

Yes, he is, indeed, her friend; perhaps her only friend in the world."

And now they are met in the drawing-room, waiting with anxiety for some sounds that denote the great man's coming. The three windows open to the ground: the rich sward, spangled here and there with carnations or rich-scented stocks, slopes down towards a little river, from the bridge over which a view is caught of the Glengariff road, and to this spot each has silently lolloped, and, as listlessly, turned back again without a word.

"We are waiting for Mr. Dunn, Augusta, ain't we?" asked Lord Glengariff, as if he thought had just suddenly struck him for the first time.

"Yes," replied she gravely; "he promised us his company to-day at dinner."

"He said Thursday, and in time for dinner," said Sybella, not a little puzzled at this by-play of assumed forgetfulness. "There! I think I heard the crack of a postilion's whip," added she, as she went outside the window to listen.

Lady Augusta followed, and was soon at her side.

"You appear anxious for Mr. Dunn's coming. Is he a very intimate friend of yours, Miss Kellett?" said she, with a keen, quick glance of her dark eyes.

"He was the kind friend of my father, when he lived, and, since his death, he has shown himself not less mindful of me. There—I hear the horses plainly! Can't you hear them now, Lady Augusta?"

No sooner was Mr. Dunn's carriage seen approaching the little bridge over the stream than Lord Glengariff rang to order dinner.

"It will be a rebuke he well merits," said he, "to find the soup on the table as he drives up."

There was something more than a mere movement of irritation in this; his lordship regarded it as a fine stroke of policy, by which Dunn's arrival, tinged with constraint and awkwardness, should place that gentleman at a disadvantage during the time he stayed, Lord Glengariff's theory being, that "these people were insufferable when at their ease."

My lord, your memory was picturing the poor tutor of twenty years before, snubbed and scoffed at for his ungainly ways and ill-made garments—the man heavy in gait and awkward in address, sulkily when forgotten, and shy when spoken to—this was the Davenport Dunn of your thoughts; there the very door he used to creep through in bashful confusion, yonder the side-table where he dined in a mockery of consideration. Little, indeed, were you pre-

pared for him whose assured voice was already heard outside giving orders to his servant, and who now entered the drawing-room with all the ease of a man of the world.

"Ah, Dunn, most happy to see you here. No accident, I trust, occurred to detain you," said Lord Glengariff, meeting him with a well-assumed cordiality, and then, not waiting for his reply, went on: "My daughter, Lady Augusta, an old acquaintance—if you have not forgotten her. Miss Kellett you are acquainted with."

Mr. Dunn bowed twice, and deeply, before Lady Augusta, and then, passing across the room, shook hands warmly with Sybella.

Lord Glengariff's table was a good specimen of country-house living. All the materials were excellent, and the cookery reasonably good; his wine was exquisite—the years and epochs connoisseurship loves to dwell upon; but Mr. Dunn ate sparingly and drank little. He had passed forty without gourmet tastes, and no man takes to epicurism after that. His lordship beheld, not without secret dissatisfaction, his curliest salmon declined, his wonderful "south-down" sent away scarcely tasted, and, horror of horrors! saw water mixed with his 1815 claret, as if it were a "little Bordeaux wine" at a Swiss table d'hôte.

We do not stop to explain—perhaps we should not succeed to our wishes if we tried—why it was that Dunn was more genial, better satisfied, and more at his ease than when the dinner began, but so it was, that as he filled the one glass of claret he meant to indulge in, he felt that he had been exaggerating to his own mind the disagreeableness of this visit, and that everybody was kinder, pleasanter, and more natural than he had expected.

"Jesting apart, Dunn," said his lordship, "what you require is rest—perfect repose; never to read or write a letter for three weeks, not to look at a newspaper, nor receive a telegraphic despatch. Let us try if Glengariff cannot set you up again. The fact is, we can't spare you."

Your opinion is too flattering by half, my lord; but really, any one—I mean any one whose views are honest, and whose intentions are upright—can complete the work I have begun. There is no secret—no mystery in it."

"Come, come, this is over modest. We all know that your head alone could carry on the vast number of these great schemes which are now in operation amongst us. Could you really tell the exact number of companies of which you are director?"

"I'm afraid to say that I could," said Dunn smiling.

"Of course you couldn't. It's marvellous—downright marvellous—how you get through it. You rise early, of course?"

"Yes, my lord, at five, summer and winter; light my own fire, and sit down to the desk till eight; by that time I have finished my correspondence on business topics. I then take a cup of tea and a little dry toast. This is my preparation for questions of politics, which usually occupy me until eleven. From that hour till three I receive deputations—heads of companies, and such like. I then take my ride, weather permitting, and usually contrive to call at the Lodge till high dinner hour. If alone, my meal is a frugal one, and soon despatched; and then begins the real work of the day. A short nap of twenty minutes refreshes me, and I address myself with energy to my task. In these quiet hours; undisturbed and uninterrupted—for I admit none, not one, at such seasons—my mind is clear and unclouded, and I can work, without a sense of fatigue, until past midnight; it has even happened that morning has broke upon me without my being aware of it."

"No health, no constitution could stand that, Dunn," said Lord Glengariff, with a voice artfully modulated to imply deep interest.

"Men are mere relays on the road of life; when one sinks, wearied or worn out, a fresh one comes forth ready to take his place in the traces."

"By the way, my lord," said he, after a pause, "how has my recommendation in the person of Miss Kellett succeeded?"

"A very remarkable young woman—a singularly gifted person, indeed," said the old lord, pompously. "She comes of a good family, doesn't she?"

"None better. The Kelletts of Kellett's Court were equal to any gentry in this country."

"And left totally destitute?"

"A mere wreck of the property remains, and even that is so cumbered with claims and so involved in law, that I scarcely dare say that they have an acre they can call their own."

"Poor girl. A hard case—a very hard case. We like her much, Dunn. I see you take no wine, so that, if you have no objection, we'll join the ladies."

"Your lordship was good enough to tell me that I was to make myself perfectly at home here; may I begin at once to avail myself of your kindness, and say that for this evening I beg to retire early? I have a number of letters to read, and some to answer."

"Really, Lady Augusta will feel quite offended if you night her tea-table."

"Nay, my lord. It is only for this evening, and I am sure that you will make my excuses becomingly."

"It shall be as you please," said the old lord, with a rather stiff courtesy.

"Thank you, my lord, thank you. I assure you it is very rarely the sacrifice to duty costs me so keenly. Good night."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A MAN IN REQUEST.

THE bountifully-spread breakfast-table of the following morning was not destined to be graced by Mr. Dunn's presence. A clerk had arrived early in the morning with a mass of correspondence from Dublin, and a Government messenger, armed with an ominous-looking red box, came post haste about an hour later, while a request for a cup of tea in his own room explained that Mr. Dunn was not to make his appearance in public.

"This savors of downright slavery," said Lady Augusta, whose morning toilet was admirably devised.

"To me it savors of downright humbug," said Lord Glengariff, pettishly.

"No one shall tell me that a man has not time to eat his meals like a gentleman. A Secretary of State doesn't give himself such airs. Why, I protest, here comes another courier! what can this fellow be?"

A messenger from the Home Office has just arrived for Mr. Dunn," said Miss Kellett, entering the room.

"Our little cottage is become like a house in Whitehall-gardens," said Lord Glengariff, angrily. "I have no doubt we ought to feel excessively flattered by the notoriety the newspapers are certain to accord us."

"Mr. Dunn is more to be pitied than any of us," said Lady Augusta, compassionately.

"I suspect he'd not agree with you," said his lordship, bitterly. "I rather opine that Mr. Dunn has another and very different estimate of his present position."

"Such a life is certainly not enviable. Perhaps I'm wrong, though," said she, quickly; "Miss Kellett does not seem of my mind."

Sybella blushed slightly, and in some embarrassment said, "Certain minds find their best happiness in great labor; Mr. Dunn's may be one of these."

"Pulchery found time for a cast with the hounds, and Charles Fox had leisure for his rubber of whist. It is these modern fellows have introduced the notion that 'the House' is like a 'mill at Manchester.' There goes one with his despatches," cried he, as a mounted messenger rode off from the door.

"I'd wager a trifle that if they never came to hand the world would just jog on as of course as pleasantly, and no one the worse for the mishap."

"With Mr. Dunn's compliments, my lord," said a servant, placing several open letters on the table; "he thought your lordship would like to see the latest news from the Crimea."

While Lord Glengariff took out his spectacles his face grew crimson, and he seemed barely able to restrain a burst of passionate indignation. As the servant closed the door he could no longer contain himself, but broke out, "Just fancy their sending off these despatches to this fellow Dunn. Here am I, an Irish peer, of as good blood and ancient family as any in my country, and I might as well expect to hear Buckingham Palace was fitted up for my town residence when next I went to London as look for an attention of this sort. If I hadn't it here under my own eyes, and saw the address, 'Davenport Dunn, Esq., on her Majesty's service,' I'd say flatly it was impossible. These things," continued his lordship, pushing the despatches contemptuously away, "add nothing to our knowledge. A writer in the Times gives us everything we want to know, and gives it better too. Send them back to Dunn, and ascertain, if you can, when we are likely to see him. I want him to come as close as possible to the bay; he ought to see the harbor and the coast. Manage this, Miss Kellett—not from me, of course, but in your own way, and let me know."

Lord Glengariff and Lady Augusta now left the room, and Sybella was once more deep in the despatches.

Dry and guarded as they were—formal, with all the stamp of official accuracy—they yet told of the greatest and grandest struggle of our age. It was a true war of Titans, with the whole world for spectators. The splendid heroism of our army seemed even eclipsed by the unbroken endurance of daily hardship—that stern and uncomplaining courage that faced death in cold blood, and marched to the fatal trenches with the staidest tramp of a forlorn hope.

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